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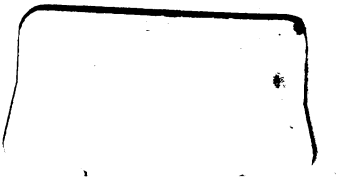
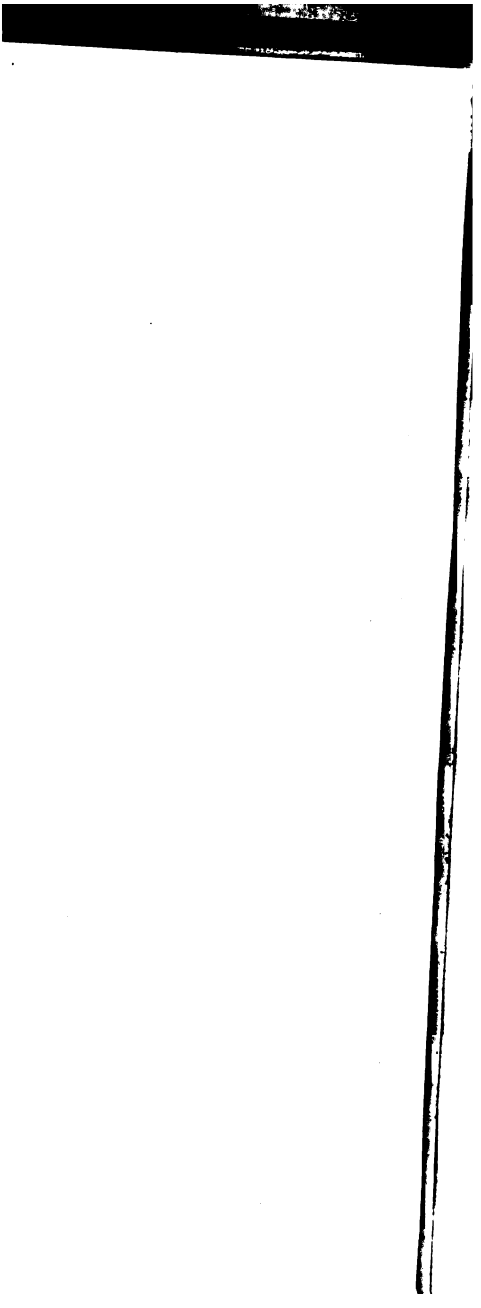




MY POCKET BOOK;

OR,

HINTS

FOR

"A Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede" Tour,

IN QUARTO;

To be called

"THE STRANGER IN IRELAND,"

In 1805.

WITH HUMOROUS PLATES.

BY A KNIGHT ERRANT.

Animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
Motto for 4to. from Horace.

Ne'er Woman, Child, nor full grown trav'lling man did
See Land, that sprouted *souls* so meek and *candid;*
Baltic and *France* not *more* my love exacted,
For just from each *one Quarto* I've extracted.

THIRD EDITION.

WITH VARIOUS ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

To which is added

A correct Report of the Trial of Carr (Knight) v. Hood and Sharpe, (Booksellers).

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE, POULTRY.

1808.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

PAPER MANUFACTURERS.

Gentlemen!

TO you I inscribe this work, which has certainly, in prospect, the advantage of our respective manufactories. I have often been actively employed in your service, and you have most essentially contributed to the *great* figure, which I have made in the world. Grateful myself, I cannot doubt your gratitude, and, please the booksellers!* we will hereafter do much more for one another.

The place, whence I date this dedication, perpetually reminds me of the *Bank of England*§ and the *present wealth*§ of this country,

* I cannot without *horror* recollect the expression, which I once thought of using on this occasion. I thought, as it seems, in my wickedness to say, *please the Pigs*, but I rejoice at my escape, for I understand by "Letters from England," that the word for swine in English differs little in its pronunciation from the word "*Pix*," and that we "have retained an oath by this sacred vessel, and yet so completely forgotten even the meaning of the word, that we say, *Please the Pigs*, instead of the Pix." Vol. I. P. 220. 1807.

try, which, without a compliment stretched beyond the line of truth, have their foundation in your mills! To mention, after such an eulogium, your imperial hot pressed, wire-wove, *foolscap* and other *becoming* virtues, would be idle; but let no author henceforth be ashamed of *the badge of all our tribe*—RAGS!*—since in them we behold the substance of the actual riches of the British Isles.

I am, *dear* Gentlemen!
And shall ever be, while I have a drop of—
ink in my horn,
Your devoted
KNIGHT ERRANT.

§§ PAPER *Buildings!!*
March, 1807.

* My bookseller informs me that paper is at an exorbitant price, in consequence of the want of *rags*. O happy country! to have no *rags!* It cannot be the war that has produced this, for war commonly leaves a people nothing else. It must arise from the vast quantity used in making *Bank notes and accommodation bills!*

A PREFATORY POSTSCRIPT.

[FIRST EDITION.]

WHAT follows was intended to have occupied the space commonly allotted to postscripts, but, on mature reflection, it appeared, to me to be a thing by no means incongruous, in the composition of an *Irish* Tour, to write the *postscript first*; and for the epithet, which I have coupled with it, I confess myself indebted to a hint afforded me by Mr. Plowden, the *Irish* historian. If he, in his history of Ireland, can have a *postliminious preface*, by what rule am I, in a tour in the same country, prevented from having a *prefatory postscript?*

This matter having been thus argumentatively discussed, and its propriety with the profoundest wisdom demonstrated, I proceed to some remarks on the projected *Quarto*, of which the subsequent *hints*, in MY POCKET BOOK, are intended to serve as a fundamental basis.

I believe I need not assure the world that my object, sole and undivided, in going to Ireland, was, when I returned, to print nothing more nor less than *a Quarto Volume.*

In this intention I have, I own, been made to waver, in some degree, by an anecdote exceedingly disagreeable to my feelings. Gibbon originally

genial to do—piteous case!) set his "erudite head" to work, parodied it, and ("believe me on my relation") increased its obscenity in a tenfold proportion.

Under

In the copy they have the good fortune to possess, there is a note written by a pen renowned for its caligraphy, which contains, with allusion to the above anecdote, these words—"*This statement is certainly false.*" He is well aware of the sacred character of a *text*, and I have not presumed to meddle with mine. To establish its veracity, after a contradiction, breathing so much Spartan brevity, uncorrupted by Attic politeness, would perhaps be difficult, therefore I reserve the point for his friends, who are in particular apprized of his having once corrected an edition of the *parody*, and who universally know, that though *his charity exceedeth not* with respect to the labours of his contemporaries, he, at all periods of convivial meetings, early in the evening, and at deepest midnight, has done these lines the honour of a repetition, until they have exclaimed (aside) *Oh!*

It is also written, that, as a former edition appeared in 1780, and I have said that the author was a *Greek professor*, it could not be his work, because, forsooth, he was *then* only an *Under graduate;* "*I* shall pass over the clumsiness" of this logic: but what would Gilbert Wakefield, the *Porsonomastix*, have said to it?—σκωρ και βορβορος—in *Hecubam Diatribe*, p. 11. The last remark runs thus:—"This I know, that I have several times heard Mr. Porson seriously disown all share whatever in the composition of that parody, and all knowledge of the author." Now, in my turn, *this I know*, that I myself have heard Mr. P. declare that he thought the writer of a work published anonymously, might, when driven into a corner, and unable to escape, disown the fact in the most serious manner. And as to the assertion of the latter member of this period, wherein

Under all these circumstances of peril, am I not warranted in my doubts and hesitation? I must consider the matter further before I venture on the quarto;* but my dear little *Mems.* they shall be no longer

wherein he disclaims "all knowledge of the author," that may be happily explained away by the Heaven-descended γνωθι σεαυτον, *know thyself*, which implies *wisdom*, and the professor was never accused of any thing but *learning*.

Say now that he is not the author, (and let the *faithful* believe it!) yet what is admitted is almost as honourable to his taste and morality. In 1780 he combined with other Cambridge men to multiply the copies of this parody, and has ever since preserved it in the *book and volume of* his brain, unmixed (it is hoped) with baser matter. As far as decency will permit the reader shall judge. The note refers me to two reviews, which I have consulted. In vol. lxiv. p. 152, of the *Monthly Review*, I find this short and just account of the work. "A profligate parody of Mr. Pope's Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard." The *Critical Review*, vol. l. p. 471, wantons in the wantonness, and is not fit to be transcribed. These are amongst the verses quoted, which the critic says are "least *objectible*." Eloisa to Abelard—

"Angelic I thought thee—some spirit etherial!
Nor dream'd that the transports I felt were venereal;
Let dull married dames boast of honour and riches,
I care not a fig for such phlegmatic ———
I hate drowsy joys betwixt waking and sleeping—
No—let my dear Abelard take me in keeping."

"*The words of Job are ended.*"

* Amongst my minor evils there is yet another, which breaks in upon my rest.—What the heart is full of, the tongue will not

longer withheld from my friends.*—Take then *my pocket-book*, and treat it as you would a letter from one who should say—to others I describe the country, but to you I describe my heart and every thing! Some matters will, therefore, of course, occur in these pages, which will not be found in the quarto. This, however, let me say for that publication, whenever it does issue from the press, nothing tedious or silly shall be omitted in it.

The

not conceal. Who is that *Charles William Janson, Esq.* who has just published, *in quarto*, what he calls "*A Stranger in America?*" I know there are many authors who, without the confession, write about countries, which are perfectly strange to them; but what business has Mr. Janson to jump into my *quart* bottle, and tie my label round his neck? I thought that it was my exclusive right, and that I was, in England, the *only professed stranger* with respect to the parts, which I undertook to describe.

* To gratify the anxious desire of a *few select friends*, I have hastened to the press with my loose thoughts on Irish matters. —The public must wait for the quarto. My friendly admirers will, I know, prefer this little volume, with all its imperfections on its head. A fascinating woman often appears more potent in her charms when free from the artificial graces of ornament, than when, in her richest habiliments and loaded with jewels, she seems more to tempt one to steal than love her. So are my beauties when unadorned, adorned the most. The sketches of a master are frequently preferred to his finished drawings. Such is my case, and my *intelligent and enlightened* friends have told me that they would rather give *four shillings and sixpence* for my miniature, than sixpence for my quarto as large as life. I mentioned this to my bookseller, and he said, "*Let's try 'em!*"

The present volume is but *a mouse* compared to that *mountain*; but it is the whole of *the labour*: there the genius of my readers shall be consulted, and well I know that it will be wise in me to leave out nothing of what I've promised, since that which is most in their own way, will be most interesting!

MEMORANDUM.—*The greater part of the passages distinguished thus,* [" "] *and many of the words italicised, to be religiously preserved in the* QUARTO,

INTRODUCTION

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE illustrious in literature of every age have their *testimonials*. In the mouth of man, in print, and by letter, I have mine.

"*On their own merits modest men are dumb;*"

and I am modest as the unobtruding flower of Gray, for, like it, I "blush *unseen*;" but it is a sickly modesty indeed that rejoices not in universal praise, and all such morbid affectation I discard.

Of my *vivâ voce* testimonies I shall speak first, though of them I can see little necessity to speak at all. To name the whole of my eulogists would be to form a nomenclature of Christendom, a thing no more to be endured, than my sensibility and diffidence can endure to venture beyond the hint—that what every body says must be true!

Secondly of my fame in print. Pluck my laurels, gentle reader, fresh from the critic's hands—seek them in the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, the *British Critic*, the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*, the *Annual Review*,

view, the *Monthly Mirror*, the *European Magazine*, and the *Cabinet*. If after all you should peruse these pages, and discover in them no corruscations of wit, no flashes of merriment, no rich vein of humour, question your own judgment, for learn that I have cracked the sides of many a perriwig-pated, rigid-visaged critic, who, on common occasions, when compelled to smile,* would, like Cassius, smile

> " in such sort
> As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
> That could be mov'd to smile at any thing."†

I'll tell you a story from *Josephus*, my old source of illustration. A sailor, who had lost his leg by a shot, was hoisted on a comrade's back, and carried down to the surgeon. By the time he arrived, he was so exhausted with the loss of blood, that the surgeon pronounced him dead, and he was ordered to be thrown overboard. Just as this trim ceremony of *food for fish* was about to be performed, the wounded man recovered, and cried out—" Hollo! Jack, what are you at? I am not dead!" His friend

* Επ' ὀφεσι μειδησαντα. See Athenæus, fol. lib. xiii. p. 597, and read ὑπ' ὀφεσι. The expression is happy—Orpheus made one of the rivers in hell smile, but " in such sort," as shewed it to be sorely against its nature and inclination.

† Why this should be I never could understand.—Hobbs attributes the cause of laughter " to a supposed consciousness of superiority in the laugher, to the object laughed at," or as we say, *laughee*; and if *critics* have not this " *supposed consciousness*," as much as any men living, I am greatly mistaken.

friend Jack turned round, and with a look of ineffable contempt, exclaimed, "Not dead? You be ——! Do you think you know better than the doctor?" and deeming it folly to dispute with a dead man, gave him a heave, and set him afloat. So I say—No wit or humour in my work? You be ——! Do you think you know better than the critics? But let me *in mercy* recollect the words of my friend Shandy—"It is not in the power of every man to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God."

To talk of the commendatory *letters* which I have received, is a matter that mingles itself too intimately with my feelings—I know not how to proceed. All classes, and, *as I guess*, from their signatures, all sexes, have written to me on the subject, and by their praises numbered me amongst the gods! I have lived for a week on the incense of a fair hand, and kissed the envied paper I know not how oft. But hold—I am a *knight errant* and must not kiss and tell. Let other *knights* do this—I am with Lear—

"Things *that love night, love not such* nights *as these.*"

Such sweet offerings I must withhold, but as for those addressed to me by that *cooking** *animal*, on whom

* *Man* has been called by one philosopher a *bi-forked animal, without feathers*, and by another *a risible animal;* but by a Frenchman, I believe, *a cooking animal*, which seems to *be the most* perfect description in brief, since he is so exclusively.

whom nature first tried her hand, before she ventured to make lovely woman, they are left with my publisher for the inspection of the public at present, and in future by some one of my editors, to be printed for the due information of an enlightened posterity. Two of them, it will be seen, have attempted to point out *errors*, which I cannot for the soul of me discover. All the panegyric of their letters being excessively plain to me, I have made it my business to enquire the cause of this, and have learnt from an old friend, who has left off writing, that there is something in the moon, which entirely prevents *the author* from making these discoveries!

Amidst this monument of fame, there is one epistle, however, which I am bound to notice more particularly than the rest, and for this reason—I have promised justice, and I will be just. This gentleman, whose name it would be more honourable to me, than fair to him to print, complains of something, which he himself must be called to explain. How perfectly disinterested I am, will appear when the letter is perused.

"July 15, 1807.

"Poor Miss Edgeworth! She actually objected, at the time it was written, to the note you bring in judgment against her. But I laughed at her for thinking that any body would take notice of it. *I* wrote that note, and the note on a *raking pot of tea*, and the last page of Castle Rackrent; the rest had lain in a garret for two or three years, and was

thought

thought by her not worth printing, till the amusement which it afforded to a friend induced her to send it to Johnson.

"We thank you heartily for the entertainment, which your Pocket-book has afforded us. I think it full of classical good wit, without ill-nature; general knowledge, and unbacknied allusions.

When you publish another edition, perhaps you will find, that it might be shortened to advantage. It contains drollery enough for two books, but half of its humour is enough for Car."* ***.

I vow I did not know there was so sensible a man in Ireland!† As to his remark about my book being

* I have truly copied the spelling of this word, but what it means I cannot comprehend. It is probably a witticism—a sort of Irish echo of the foregoing word—the echo speaking *French*. Perhaps there may be something still further in it.—The author of the *Moyen de parvenir* piques himself on being the first person that ever began a work with the word "*Car*."

† I have since discovered that *Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth* (for now he is in such noble company, I may mention his name) is by no means singular in the enlightened soundness of his judgment.

See, in my letter to Cobbett at the end of this volume, what the Earl of Mount-norris said of "*My Pocket Book*."

What an honour is such a nobleman to his native country—O, happy Ireland!

Though I have not met with so much brightness elsewhere, yet we are not without our *sensible* men in England. "I am in hopes," says Mr. Cobbett, "that the decision, upon this occasion,

longer than necessary, that makes me "*very happy—very happy indeed—because it is short—remarkably short!*"* It will be seen that I have taken his advice in the *usual* way.

Now to turn from *pleasure* to business.

Many are the additions made to the present publication, but as they all come under the denomination of adding lustre to the diamond, painting the rose, enlightening the sun, or improvements on the unimproveable, I shall be succinct in my account of them. They principally consist of, first, touches; secondly, illustrative notes of various kinds,† but principally from My Pocket-Book, which travelled with me in a "Tour through Holland, along the right and left banks of the Rhine, &c. in 1806," and lastly, a *correct* copy of three MSS. of Dean Swift, which I bought at a vast expence in Ireland, with an essay of my own, to remove a prejudice which has in the last century obtained in favour of what is called in the modern jargon, *orthography* and *grammar*.

The *third* edition (which you may have as soon as you please!) I propose to enrich with some beautiful

sion, will make the stupid authors feel, that they cannot worry a man of talents to death, merely because he has exposed their stupidity." *Political Register, July* 30, 1808.

The *occasion* alluded to is the *trial*, taken by a professed short-hand writer, and printed here from his notes.

Note to the third Edition.

* *Sir Fretful* in the *Critic*.

† Many are added to the present Edit.

tiful specimens of the *thistle*, collected with infinite assiduity, and at the cost of many a *scratch*, during a tour through *Caledonia*.* This noble fund of *Scotch humour*, wit, and repartee, will make, as I strongly suspect, another full *quarto*; the quantity I devoted to the Irish, for a reason which I shall now mention. In my master, that *glass of fashion*, Chesterfield, I felt myself, as it were, addressed, when he writes to Faulkner, the printer, about "unwieldy quartos." "How far indeed," says his lordship, "the name (you are so much superior to quibbles that you can bear and sometimes laugh at them) of *quant*-os, may help them off in *Ireland*, I cannot pretend to say." A wink's as good as a nod, —"the proverb is something musty." I tried the trick with the *shamrocks*, and I will try it with the *philibegs*! My motto on this occasion will be from the Comedy of Errors.

"*Ant. S.* Where, Scotland?
Dro. S. I found it by the *barrenness*."

Alas, poor Scotland! where they are not only unable to boast of luxuries, but are absolutely without *necessaries*!

This, however, is a matter of future concern—something nearer and full of pain still remains to be considered. Had I already written my travels in their country, the Scotch could not have shown less obligation to me. It is perhaps needless to say that I allude

* A *little accident* has prevented this good intention.

I allude to the *Edinburgh Review*. But shall I complain of the abuse heaped on me by those, with whom *philosophers* have no safety. Have they not advised the friends of Mr. Godwin to get him blooded, and to shave his head—that great philosophic-quarto genius, who, but that he *calls himself a philosopher*, stands precisely in my shoes, and directs his WRITS to the same SHERIFF. Have I known it so long, and is it not generally known, that a few years ago Mr. Godwin waited on a certain bookseller, and would engage with him for a quarto. "What is the subject?" was a natural question. To this the philosopher replied—"What you chuse—my price is four hundred pounds, and it is indifferent to me whether it be the reign of Henry VII. or Chaucer's Life, or any thing else.—At present I am quite fresh with respect to them all—know nothing of them, and can do one as well as the other." I have ever pursued this great man's example, and presented myself before the same profound and tasteful tribunal, ready to start for any country, north, south, east, or west, at a moment's notice—careless about the quarter, *A Stranger* every where. Shall such high mettled steeds be decried?—Shall we who run at every thing, be ridiculed because we are but bad leapers? For my own part, I will say, fearless of contradiction, that I have done as much good to society as Mr. Godwin, though it is, I confess, a hard thing to decide which has made the folks laugh

laugh more—how these *fanegas de risa** were produced is not worth the enquiry.

After such a display of candour, the reader will surely sympathize with me, as I conclude this *introduction* with two or three blasts, from the trumpet of the hyperborean critics, at my tender exotic from the banks of the *Rhine*.

"Our readers are acquainted," they say, "with this author's way of writing books. He goes abroad about the end of summer; visits some country in a *hasty and superficial manner; returns with his notes, and by the help of Shakspeare for quotations, Joe Miller for anecdotes*, and some of the travelling guides for trifling information; he makes *a quarto volume*, which is in the shops at the proper period of the ensuing season."

A tour through Holland, along the Rhine—E. R. for July, 1807.

Here my friends are to blame, for if I had not, to please them, previously published *My Pocket-Book*, these critics could never have found me out in this manner! Shortly after, I read;

"He seems to be an amiable, inoffensive, extremely good natured man,"—which is civil enough of the brutes, and borrowed from my own account of myself, cap. xxii. P. B. but why for my bookseller's benefit add this tag, "who has no more right to publish quartos, than to govern empires." I shall advert but to one more circumstance, which, as

* Don Quix. P. 11, lib. vii, cap. 44.

as it shews their incompetency as critics, lets the whole of their criticism fall at once to the ground.

Wishing, in p. 4, of the *Rhine*, that I had written my *tours* in the form of *letters*, they say that the volume just alluded to, "would have made a sorry collection of epistles, even if the perusal had been confined to those, who received them through the post office." Was there ever any thing so Bœotic, dull, and stupid! *Wit* is all lost, I see, on Scotchmen, and shall such judge *my* works? Could they not perceive my meaning to be, that then I should have had an unquestionable right to the title of a *man of letters!* I will be ingenuous, however, to the last, and confess that the wish seems to have been rather late in the day, after once getting into the depths of *critical purgatory*—It was observed by a French *esprit* on reading the excellent advice given by Virgil in the infernal regions—

Discite justitiam moniti
Et non temnere divos,*

"Cette sentence est bonne et belle,
Mais en enfer, de quoi sert elle?"

which, for my purpose, may be thus turned—

The *wish*, I own, is very well,
But what's the use of it in *hell!*

Jan. 1808.

* Printed thus because I quote this Latin in my *Rhine*, p. 251, saying "two lines from Virgil."

PLATES DESCRIBED.

Nothing can be more necessary than a description of *designs;* and he, who wrote under his picture—*This is a black bull*, was wiser than some people imagine. The writers of former times also deserve praise for a custom observed in my title page—If many of them had not called their works "*ryghte merrie*, &c." who the deuce would ever have found it out? I recommend the restoration of this prudent caution to our dramatists and others. But to return—If there be no mistaking the cart for the horse, the painter should nevertheless subjoin in large characters, *this is serious or comic.* The errors of judgment, consequent on the neglect of this piece of civility, will immediately appear in three pictures noticed by Grose, in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, 4to. Vol. I. p. 20.

1st. A history of the Bible, adorned with plates, one of which illustrated v. 3 of Math. cap. VII.—*the mote and the beam*, which are thus delineated by the artist: one brother has in his eye a complete castle, with a *moat* and its appurtenances; and in the eye of the other sticks a large *beam* like the girder of a house.

2d. Abraham offering up his son Isaac, a picture seen in a church near Haerlem, in Holland—The patriarch was drawn presenting a large horse pistol, which he has just snapped at the devoted victim; but the catastrophe is prevented by an angel, who, flying over his head, moistens the prime by a copious stream, produced in the same manner as that wherewith Gulliver extinguished the fire in the palace of the emperor of Lilliput.

3rd.

3d. The Count de Marsigli having written of the military state of the Ottoman empire, and, as he well expressed himself, "*sifted* it to the bottom," his artist introduced a vignette, which represents the count in a full dressed coat, hat, feather, tie wig, and jack boots, shaking through a small sieve, supported by a triangle, little Turkish soldiers of all denominations, many of whom appear on the ground in a confused heap; camels, horses, and their riders, cannons and cannon balls, all tumbling promiscuously one over the other. On the opposite side of the picture are some soldiers and officers looking gravely on, as at an ordinary occurrence.

These artists were to the last degree *serious*, but few do them the justice to think so—some such information as, *this is not a caricature*, might have been of service.

On the other hand there are pictures exceedingly laughable, which, unless particular facts are made known, no one laughs at. As for instance, who laughs at certain engraved heads of Mad. D'Eon, John Wesley, and General Washington, until he is told that they are all the same, viz. *Mad. D'Eon* appeared first in the *Universal Magazine*; her cap was afterwards punched out, and a straight head of hair being added, she re-appeared as *John Wesley* in the *Evangelical Magazine*; and *lastly*, (though, perhaps, I make a rash assertion!) the plate, with a little more punching out, and dotting and stroking in, was converted into *General Washington*, en militaire.

Indeed I never saw a picture that was not benefitted by what might be generously said of it in a catalogue, or by some words at foot—always excepting "*portrait of a gentleman*," in the catalogues of Somerset House.

One

One I shall never forget—it is an edition of Hume's History of England, Cadell, 1793, where I find an engraving of a *priest standing on each side of Queen Mary*. Can there be an end to the obligation we owe to the artist, who has at bottom informed us that the design is to represent—now guess—no, I defy you!—"*reasons for and against toleration.*" What a subject for a *painter!*

No further preface is requisite.

FRONTISPIECE.

Now you shall see what you shall see. You here behold the KNIGHT ERRANT leaving Ireland "*with regret.*" Behind him you have a crowd of *wits* and *humourists* setting up an Irish howl. The athletic porter, who follows him, is bent by the *weight* of his works and wardrobe—the latter in a pocket handkerchief. The knight himself is, according to the simile of the Bee, (see p. 176) loaded with the sweets of travelling—*Joe Millar*, &c.

The scene is Dublin—The long coach (see p. 15) waits to take him to the packet. For a description of the roof, the cock, and the cook maid, (see p. 50) and with respect to the *pig*, (see p. 130.) A little *wit*, with a flambeau, lights him to the carriage, (see p. 112) and seems as it were, "*se moquer* de l'ETRANGER, or as we say by corruption, to *smoke* the STRANGER."* In the distance, on the left, a JAUNTING CAR (see p. 17); on the right, *sugar loaf* mountains (see p. 152). The time is night, and the sky is very interesting. On all important

* See *Kurzeilige Anecdoten*, p. 51.

ant occasions, the death of Cæsar,* or the rape of Belinda's lock,† there is, or should be, some portentous sign in the heavens. The phænomena, which attended my departure, are here represented—A blazing comet shakes its fiery tail over my head, and marshals me the way—Before this "ERRATIC STRANGER"‡ you behold a cloud—'tis Shakspeare's, and "*very like a* WHALE." The *moon*, my favourite star, (p. 137) smiles benignly upon my labours; and three wild Irish (see p. 17) are, *for this night only*, seen flying in compliment to me.

PLATE II.—(*p.* 22.)

A *noddy*, (see p. 22)—some idea is here afforded of this equipage; but minute correctness, with regard to *heads and tails*, has been avoided for the sake of decency. For that *rich bit* on the left, as we artists call it, (see p. 24.)

PLATE III. (p. 69.)

See p. 69. In the distance you behold horses ploughing by the tail, (see p. 111.) Notwithstanding "the *civil, social, and intelligent looks*" of my admirer, some people might have been alarmed, but I felt confident in my

* Μεγας κομητης εφανη. Plutarch's Cæsar. *A mighty comet appeared.*

† "But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none, but quick, poetic eyes;
A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant train of hair."
Pope.

‡ See Pye's *sublime* ode for the present year, 1808, stanza I. Comets are not perfectly understood, and I am led to guess, that, from this title given to them, by so great a poet, they may be nothing more than *travellers*, like myself, or, as I may say, *Strangers in Heaven.*

my weapon—a tooth pick, (see p. 28.) For my *Tour through Holland to the Rhine*, I take this motto—

"Pergit et hostiles (tanta est fiducia) ripas
"Inconitatus* adit. *Claudian.*"

which a friend thus beautifully translates:

Fearless, alone, he treads the hostile strand,
With nothing but a *tooth-pick* in his hand!

PLATE IV.—(*p.* 34.)

The fight between *Juliana*, the sow, and the man's wife, (p. 30.) You see me here seated, admiring the hospitality of the man, who offers me the finest potatoe in the bowl, (p. 61.) The dog appeased is one side of me, and an *Irishman spitted and roasting* on the other, (p. 78.)

PLATE V.—*p.* 160.

Scene, a Green Room—Mr. Kemble dressed for *Cardinal Wolsey*—(see p. 160.) The *goose* is not intended for me, (see p. 136.) She is a principal actress at Covent Garden Theatre—When all the *others* failed, this goose drew full houses, by the mere strength of her *own family* interest—Witness the run of *Harlequin and Mother Goose*. Her time having been so much taken up in pantomime, she is here seen anxiously studying those excellent "Directions to Players," (see *Appendix*, p. 179,) in the practice of which, like a true *goose*, she grieves to see herself so greatly surpassed by the rest of the company.

* My friend has *presumed* to read incomitatus.

MY POCKET BOOK;

OR

HINTS

FOR

"*A Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede*" Tour

IN IRELAND.

MEMS. FOR CAP. I.

[*Heads of Chapters to occupy full Half a Page—It does not matter if they resemble a Bill of Fare, which often contains every thing but what one might reasonably expect to find.*]

IT is Cowper, I believe, who has said that Homer rendered the beauties of the opening of the Iliad more difficult than those of any other part of his works, for the purpose, as it would seem, of deterring, *in limine*, all translators from proceeding beyond the threshold. I shall do the same with the

beauties of *all* my chapters.—How I pity my translators! *Who* would not *pity* them?

Commence with a couple of stories—nothing more entertaining. Two Englishmen in the east were advised not to go among the Polygars, because they were barbarous, but they found them hospitable.—I was warned against visiting the Irish, who, I was told, were so ignorant, that a rebel barber, seeing an artillery-man about to apply his match to a cannon, ran up to the muzzle and thrust his wig into it, exclaiming, "By Jasus, I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time." But he did not, for "he was blown to atoms."

I care not for their ignorance; perhaps we shall agree the better; but, "reader! do not anticipate;" in "a little time perchance" you'll know all about it; but not if we stay here—therefore "let us set off," and loiter where we find "any object worthy of notice."

A stage coach—the first object worthy of notice. An old lady wished to have *an owl* with her in the stage, in which I and four other male passengers were with her closely "indented and dove-tail'd"—Her wishes were

were "*resisted*," as all the improper wishes of ladies should be—especially those of old ones—and the bird of night, the μαντις κακων, the prophet of evil, was sent to hoot his dire omens elsewhere.—The gentlemen much objected to such an ominous travelling companion.—"*Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*"

It is a "more easy motion proceeding on a fine and level road" than "jostling on the pavé." Relate, with some novel circumstance, the anecdote of the man of slow comprehension, who did not smile at a facetious story, till the middle of a second, concerning a horrible murder, when the first jest having "travelled through the sinuosities of his ears to his understanding," he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Say "he was about 45, short, plump, and rosy," and travelled in the coach with you.

Pass through Oxford—a short comment. Expect with rapture that I shall breakfast where Shakespeare was born. My expectations not realized with respect to his house, because it was "incapable of rousing one *poetic* idea." I re-entered the "leathern convenience," alias stage, in the *sulks*. Dined at "the toy-shop of Europe," so called by

Burke, but better known by the title of *Brummagem.* The name of Burke will give me an opportunity to inform the reader that *he* is dead,—or, in prettier language, "now reposes in the cold bosom of the grave." The manufactory. Mr. Bolton's ingenious invention: "at this moment I forget what it was."

"Near the lofty Wrekin the iron mines and furnaces had a *Vesuvian* appearance."

At Litchfield races "*all* the horses that ran were *distanced.*"

The Vale of Llangollen—Take care how you handle, or rather mouth, this word. The "two sequent lls are pronounced as thl." At present you are as wise as myself. Now I am on pronunciation, permit me to observe, with the Anti-Jacobin, that when you meet with the name of *Schütz*, the commentator on Æschylus, you are to recollect that in German the *ü* twice dotted is pronounced like *i.* This is a delicacy equally worthy of notice.

Advise the reader not to suffer himself to grow a year older, or perhaps not so much, ("another summer's sun to roll away,") without visiting this vale; but, that is, if he has "never beheld the vale, and occupation will

will admit of it."—You must always be considerate and reasonable.

A flowery description, introducing Llewelyn, (look to the *lls*) Edward I. and the river Dee, brings me to remark, that he who expects to see "every acclivity *crowned* with a goat," will be disappointed; and for this simple reason, "that salacious family," in the north, is "nearly exterminated," for nibbling the young growths. They have "small sheep," however, and amongst "the beauties of nature" (very much to my taste,) I reckon "exquisite mutton."

The "sequestered happiness" of Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby. A little beyond Llangollen I saw "the scite of Owen Glendower's castle." Henry says that Mortimer

"durst as well have met the devil alone
"As Owen Glendower—"

but I can assure you that he now hangs *quietly* at the door of several houses in Wales, an inviting sign of cheese, ale, and leeks within.

A Welch peasant delights in a "blue coat and blue stockings."—"Their native language is a dialect of the Celtic." Remember that

that. Be in love with the "simple honesty of the Welch," and very angry with the old song for saying "*Taffy was a thief.*" A Welchman considers Adam as "a fellow of yesterday. I'll be bound," said one, "that his family was not born before Christ." This is neither very new nor good in illustration of their pride of pedigree.—Try another. "It was to a Welch lady, who was tracing her family through a remote course of genealogy, that a wit said—to cut the matter short, madam, do begin with Adam." This speech is really in a French farce, but it will do very well for the Welch lady.

The delights of *bundling*, which, as well as in America, is the custom of Wales. "The process is very simple."—The lover goes to bed to his sweet-heart, whose only precaution is, through excess of modesty, "to wear her under petticoat, fastened at the bottom; not unfrequently, I am told," (it never happened to me) "by a sliding knot." Marriage often ensues—"the knot which cannot slide."—"*A hit, a very palpable hit!*"

Pursue this feeling and interesting subject, and tell of a similar pastime, in Holland, *called queesting*, and, at Massachusett's Bay, tarrying;

tarrying; but the last seems to be a singular sort of "*harmless chit-chat,*" since the fair one sometimes "proves pregnant,"—which I take never to be the effect of simple *chit-chat,* though it may be of *crim con.* "I think this custom should share the fate of the northern Welch *goats;*" and yet I do not see how it prevents "*young growths.*"

Lord Penrhyn.—For his new road three miles beyond Cernioge, call him "that enterprising public spirited nobleman."—It can do no harm. From hence I saw "Snowdon rising into the clouds."—Notwithstanding I was "at a great distance," I am bold to assert that it "*rose from the earth.*"

On this road I met a poor "stone blind, but a fine, cheerful, healthy woman," called *Blind Bet.* I cannot say that I bestowed any coin on her, save that of my brain;—excuse the expression. *The Gods made me poetical.*—Give the four stanzas, which, though very lame, "found their way into MY POCKET BOOK." "The Devil's glen, *sublime.*" Query, *infernal?* There is no impropriety in the devil's having

a little

a little residence in Wales, since, according to Henry IV. "*the devil understands Welch*," but what the devil he does with his *other side* in Derbyshire, or his *punch-bowl* in Sussex, I can't tell. Look into this —it is a curious piece of *black*-letter learning.

Near Capel-cerrig, I saw "nature in an awful *attitude*."

In the neighbourhood of Snowdon let Gray's bard furnish four lines. "This mighty mountain" wears "*a nightcap*:"—it's made of "mist," and must be very damp. Say you took *a little* walk to "*Beth* Gelert" —you can say so, you know. Here lug in the story of Llewelyn, his greyhound and king John. How Llewelyn, seeing his dog covered with blood, at the door of the chamber of his child, slew him, thinking he had destroyed the infant, but, entering the room, found "a gaunt wolf all torn and dead"—and as how that then

"The truth was clear;
"His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
"To save Llewelyn's heir."

Call

Call these lines the hon. Mr. Spencer's *beautiful commemoration* of the fact.

Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries—My "eyes gladdened with hills dotted over with cottages."

Near the ferry to Anglesea, I took breakfast, but none of "the base shillings of Ireland," which are here freely attempted to be passed off. I knew the *brazen* rogues.

Jumpers, a religious sect.

"It is always usual to congratulate the arrival of a stranger of *respectability* with music." *I* was "*serenaded* for the first time by a Welch harper." I have read that a Welch bard "boasted that if he desired his prince to present him with *the moon*, he would most assuredly bestow it on him."—Set them down for a couple of *lunatics*.

Give all sorts of history of the Island of Anglesea. The weather stormy—unable to embark. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good. Got into an Irish family, where I past the evening, "laughing, dancing and singing *vive la bagatelle* to the stormy night."—Any sober person would have thought me mad; or, at any rate, no author of quartos.

Remember to bring in those lexicographical bulls, which are in your French dictionary at home.—Say you found the book here, "*Abbreviations* of English Christian names —Johny for John, Jenny for Jane."

As a traveller proceeding to Ireland will naturally want a wind, that he may know how it blows, let him go to Gwindu, where it can be "ascertained," by a very ingenious contrivance, "a lofty pole, surmounted by a weathercock."—I guess from this mode of *surmounting* the difficulty, that they omit the *weathercock* in other places. When the traveller is here, he must be piously grateful for not being in another place.—"Put up at this inn, and thank Heaven that he is not at Holyhead."

Holyhead.—Here, "well-cased in a surtout," (good folks are scarce,) I made this shrewd remark: "In foul weather, the fairest scene looks *somewhat* sad." A dreary place, and comfortless inns. The church is dedicated to St. Kibius, who flourished here *a short time since:* viz.—in the year 380.

Custom-house officers.—Complain of them bitterly. Advise the reader never to go to sea in a cockle-shell, without taking a peck-

loaf

loaf in his pocket. This piece of advice, from my experience of the evil, will be worth the whole price of my book, Recount the story of the man in a hurry to go on-board, when he could only find "two right-legg'd boots." Insist on it that it happened at Holyhead. Quote Rochefoucault's authority to prove that when you see a man hopping with one right legg'd boot on, and another right-legg'd boot in his hand, there is no occasion for pity, but you may laugh as much as you please.

"At ten o'clock in the morning," with a scrap of poetry in my mouth, I sailed for Ireland. The wind "*promised*" to carry me the eighty miles "in nine hours;" but, owing to our having a bishop on board, the wind left us in the lurch,—a calm made it "two days and nights." I am a bit of a lawyer as far as eating commons goes, and it appears to me that an action would lie against the wind for breach of *promise*.—The cause must be tried before a justice in *Eyre*. However, to go *against the wind* is perhaps not advisable.

In this true history, nothing must be concealed.—I was very "sick," that's the truth

out.

on't.—" Hunger succeeded," and my locker was as empty as my stomach. From this piteous case I was relieved by a *projection.* " A lady, projecting out of an adjoining cot one of the most *pleasing and sensible* faces I ever saw, invited me to partake of some excellent *broiled slices of mutton.*" The lady's name was " *Tuite,*" and *to it* I went, swearing, (and kissing with a devouring kiss the broiled mutton) that I would celebrate her christian charity—ay, and her verses too—

Liceat *tua* dicere *facta*—
———liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem
—*tua carmina.*

The time is come.—Quote her poetry, and *mention* all her *nameless* virtues. All this for a slice of her mutton.—O ! cheap immortality !

Drop the curtain on the first act with a few words, which may rouse curiosity: for instance—

" The hill of Howth is in sight."

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. II.

DUBLIN Bay.—The sun shines here.—Never saw such a prospect. Look into Ossian when you get home for something about *mountains* with *grey heads* and *ocean smiling with a blue face.* Query. Can a person be said to *smile,* when he looks *blue?* The ocean may perhaps!

As I entered the bay, "the rugged hill of Howth" was there, as usual, "on the *right.*" —"Its rocky bays," also. At present it's like nothing but itself. If, however, it could get what it *wants,* that is, a *volcano,* "I was well informed," that it would resemble "the beautiful bay of Naples." Here *the sea is fringed,* and the light house has *an alabaster*

front.

front. The light of the octagonal lantern of this house is "*increased* by *reflecting* lenses." Query—*magnifying?* Perhaps *reflecting* is wrong? Enquire of those who know *something* about the matter.

Now change sides. To be even with the right, on the left "*were* the town of Dalkey, with its romantic rocks." Above, the Wicklow mountains ascend "with majesty."

Be "enraptured" with the sight, and introduce an Irish sailor, with a nod, saying, "By Jasus, your honour! you're right there; it is God's own country." These little things shew that a man has really been in the country which he describes.

Say something about Dean Swift and the Drapier. It will come in here very well.

Bulls are thought to be peculiar to the west, but here we have two called "the north and south bulls," and devilish dangerous bulls they are too. A packet lost, not by being run at, but by running on one of them.

Instance of a noble "presence of mind." —Hang a quaker up in the shrouds of this packet, and make him say to a fellow-sufferer, just as the ship seemed about to sink,

"Friend,

"Friend, should we escape death this time, canst thou inform me when the next Liverpool packet will sail?"

Dublin looks little though it's big.—Why? "For want of towers and spires."

The mole.—Refer to some printed account for its date and dimensions. "The inner side of the mole reminded me of the wonderful embankments, which I had seen on the sides of the Neva. See my travels—"*a Northern Summer*"—which buy.

The master of the "Union packet" was very civil to me.—"Before you land" commend the Union "as infinitely the *swiftest* sailing vessel in the service." This I can safely do from my own knowledge, as (see chap. I.) I expected to arrive in *nine hours* and was *two days and nights.*

Paid "three shillings," while "along-side the pigeon-house," for a custom-house fee. —Don't like this *pigeoning.* However I thought it ominous of the good success of my book, when published in London.

Three miles to the capital. A long-coach —bad horses.

Ask the reader whether he "loves a laugh," and then tell him that you took a bundle from

from "one of the loveliest daughters of green Erin,"—in other words—the niece of two Scotch butchers, which cost you a pair of pantaloons, through its contents being "a large piece of prize pork," whose fat oozed out and larded your lean legs.

I doubt whether this will create a laugh, therefore I shall add another joke, and roundly assert that the "secretary of a celebrated English agricultural society received orders from its committee to buy several copies of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls*, for the use of the members, in their labours for improving the breed of cattle."

Call the essay an "admirable book." You can't make too many friends—nothing like praise—honey for flies.—Remember this all through your writings.

Ringsend, a "horrible sink of filth."—Turn up your nose, and say you don't like dirt at all. *Delicacy* is a virtue! yet "after all, I know not," says *Tom Brown*, "whether *a nice taste* be not rather a curse than a blessing; for by that we are pleased with fewer things; and the less *pleasure*, the less *happiness*."

*piness."** Who shall say that Ireland is not a *happy* country!

The *Jaunting Car*, "an open carriage, mounted on two small wheels, drawn by one horse." The company sit back to back, and the Irish call it a *vis à vis*—I called it a "*cul à cul*;" but I must say that I *heard* it called so, and that I don't think it *delicate*.

Complain that the Irish are misrepresented. In Spenser's time, the wild Irish were believed to have wings, and it was lawful to shoot 'em—*flying* I suppose; and if not otherwise there was no great harm done.

"On this side of the water" (meaning England) nobody knows any thing about the virtues of the Irish.—It was left for me to discover that they are not wild and passionate, but mild and gentle; not rash and inconsiderate, but consistent, wise and prudent.

As Sir Isaac Newton sets his face against tradition beyond one hundred years, it will be well to say so, and then flourish about not enquiring concerning the sailing of Jason and

* See his *Works*, vol. 3. 231. article—"Tom Brown's *Pocket Book of common places*."—Common places! very insulting.

and the Argonauts for Ireland, or the descent of the Irish from Magog. If they think it, why e'en let them; I am a good-natured fellow, and "would disturb no people in their fancy." I am "no antiquarian," therefore all I say about the *Chinese*, the Carthaginians, Milesians, &c. may be taken for learning, but, depend upon it, it is not *knowledge*. This assertion must be softened down.

Though no antiquary, it will perhaps be wise to make some shew here, which, with the assistance of Goldsmith's Citizen of the World will not be difficult. Leave out his *King Atoes* and put in an Irish King, as thus:—The emperor *Ki* is certainly the same as *Conar* King of Ulster, for if we merely change K into *Co*, and i, into *nar*, we have *Conar* beyond all manner of doubt. Clearly then the Chinese and Irish monarch were one and the same person.

It will now be high time to tell the reader what I am about.—He may be shrewd, but I'll be hanged if he would ever know, if I did not tell him. "My attempt is to sketch the modern Irish."—Yes, sir, "and principally to describe what I saw." Mark *principally*, for

for I shall occasionally describe what neither I nor any body else ever saw.

At the Royal Hotel, in Kildare-Street, I washed my hands and face; but this is to be styled "gratifying ablutions." While I was in the coffee-room, a gentleman came in and said, "Waiter, which is the way backwards?" "*Straight forward*, Sir," said the man.—He was an *Englishman*. I had no lacquey or "*laquais de place*" here as I had in Holland.* Where are all the Irish lacqueys? I found none in Ireland, although I learn from the *Blacke Booke*, 1604, that such things were there formerly.—The *Devil* goes to a gaming-table, crowded with gamesters, "when," says he, "I presently set in a stake amongst them: round it went; but the craftie *dice* having peept upon *me* once, knew who I was well enough, and would never have their *little black eyes* off me all the while after: at last came my turne about, the dice quaking in my fist before I threw them; but when I yerkt them forth, away they

* See Rhine, p. 66, where my laquais conducted me to the spill-houses, or brothels, and I paid a florin, "the premium of admission."

they ranne like *Irish lackeys*, as farre as their bones would suffer them."

Traverse the city; that is, fetch a walk. Merrion-Square like Cavendish-Square. On the fountain, in the middle, is an inscription to the Duke of Rutland.—Copy it by all means; it will fill half a page.

"Roved through many noble streets—frequently struck with the novel sounds of —*Blood and ounds, make haste Pat, by my faith and shoul.*" This alone will be enough, to prove that I have been in Ireland.

"Took a ride" in a *Jingle*.—This carriage *resembles* a coach when it is not a coach; viz. "after the doors and the upper sides and roof are removed." It is called a *Jingle* from its rattling—the thing speaks for itself —*res ipsa loquitur*. The fare sixpence each —no starting without the usual compliment. He that objects to pay for the vacant seats, must, till they are filled, "Sit, like Patience on a monument." The quotation is new and pretty.—As there is only one horse and six passengers, I may, supposing Patience to be looking at the miserable animal, add, "smiling at *grief*."—"People of the first respectability ride in them." I rode. Every low Irishman

Irishman is called Pat.—Tell the reader that Pat is "an abbreviation of Paddy," though Paddy is "derived from *Saint Patrick.*" "Saint Patrick was a tangible being." No one but an infidel can doubt it. The Irish ladies approach the altars of "the immaculate Brigid, the virgin Saint of Ireland," (Query, the only virgin ever known there?) "with chastity instead of celibacy:* but more of this hereafter." This is rather dull; let us have a bull. I thought a poor jingle horse lying in a ditch was *removed* from this world, but whither I knew not. My sensibility was touched. "Poor animal," said I, "he's dead." The jingle-driver looked in my piteous face, for I was *the knight of the sorsowful countenance,* and replied, "And plaze your honour, he *is is* not *dead entirely.*" Note. The low Irish repeat the verb.—It is exceedingly humorous.

A single-horse chaise, so old and rickety that

* I like the *Beguines*, in Holland, who have a sort of monastic association—"they have each an apartment and a little flower garden, and take *no vows of celibacy or of any other sort.*" Rhine p. 273. We have many young ladies, and whole *Nunneries* in London of this description, who little think they are *Beguines.*

that it nods as it goes, is called a *noddy*. Pat, who drives, sits with his nose close to the horse's rump. His own rump is in the same position with regard to the nose of the gentleman inside—and so they travel like *nearest* friends.

A hackney-coach in Dublin is like a hackney-coach in London. It has been said that these vehicles reach their destination by the contrivance of thrusting a long pole out of the front window, with some hay at the end of it, which the horse cannot get at, but, through always trying, is tricked into a trot, which would otherwise never happen. 'Tis

"A lie: an odious, damned lie: upon my soul a lie: a wicked lie." *Othello.*

The Irish horse is hardy; and I have discovered, by coming here, that "bone is no proof of weakness." It is very singular, but the Irish horses understand English.—If you say *gee* to them, it puts them "in motion much in the same way" as in England. I have no doubt if you said *whoa* they'd stand still; but that would not prove much, since they do so perpetually without a word being said. I don't like Johnson's etymology of

of *gee.*—I think it is *ge*, or *geh*, the imperative of the German verb *gehen*, to go. In that case horses understand German; but perhaps it is from γη, *gē*, and signifies to get over the *ground*;—then they understand Greek. As to *whoa*, I am a little puzzled. Perhaps it is the *ho*, which, in the Danish language, the herald cried out to combatants in a tournament; that is, *stop*. My friend Weston, in his *conformity of the English* with the oriental *languages*, says that *woh* is Arabic, and means *go on*. A devil of a *conformity!*—for which he deserves the botheration of driving an English and an Arabian horse together for the remainder of his days. I call this learned.

To cut a horse to the flesh, a jingle-driver terms "establishing a raw." These delicate touches must not be omitted.

In Ireland an Englishman will find eleven miles fourteen. The driver, after taking me a mile, turned me out, because I would not give him "another *hog*," which I thought a great bore.

The currency of Ireland ought to be given, but the currency of any country is really a thing, in which authors are very little concerned.

cerned. "Seeing's believing, but feeling's the truth." Therefore, I *believe* they have various species of specie, but I have little knowledge of the *truth.* "Take over guineas" to Ireland, and you'll be very well received.

The beggars of London sell their old cloaths to the beggars of Ireland. A beggar here is not very nice in his wardrobe, though he is remarkably fond of *change.*—I heard that one, passing through a corn-field, *exchanged breeches with a scare-crow,* set up to frighten away the birds.

The miserable race of mendicants, scattered about Dublin, are no ornament to it. They should "say to the Legislature

> "You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
> You teach me how a beggar should be answered:"

And then the Irish beggars would quote Shakespeare, and their horses understand German. Παχεια γαστηρ λεπτον ε τικτει νοον, *the sharpen the appetite, the sharper the wit.* —Great care is taken to brighten the intellects of the poor Irish! It succeeds. "Ah, plaze your honour's honour," said one to a stingy, gouty, limping old gentleman, "I wish

wish God had made your *heart* as tender as your *toes.*"

Note. Before I proceed any further, I must make some remarks on that excellent sentiment, "*the sharper the appetite, the sharper the wit;*" and I do it with the more pleasure, because it may tend to reconcile the hungry to their emptiness, and prevent those, who have plenty to eat, from stuffing too much. To do good in one's generation is commendable.

The innumerable sonnets of misery and melancholy pieces of poetry, which have been written on Otway, and others, who are said to have been starved, have, in my opinion, always exhibited to the full as much ignorant folly as morbid sensibility. Never was there so much misplaced grief and idle pity. Were I to add another Muse to the nine, it should not be an ancient or a modern Sappho, but *Hunger;* the most actively inspiring of them all. She drives

εκ βλεφάρων δε

Ὕπνον—

Sleep from your eye-lids.—Does the full-fed blockhead enjoy this advantage?

MAGISTER ARTIS, *ingenique largitor*
VENTER. PERSIUS.

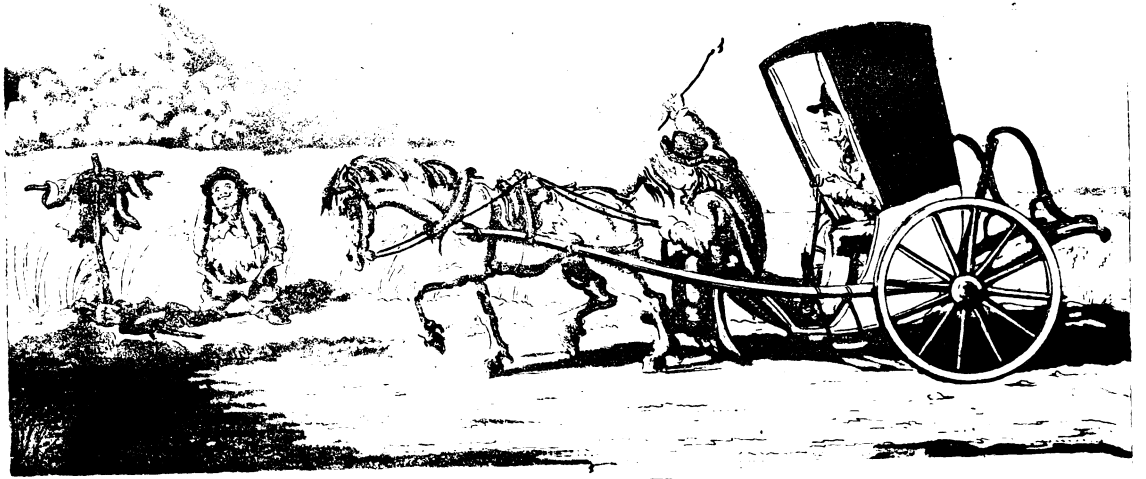
Hunger a *master* is *of arts*,
Who brightens much the mental parts.

One more authority, and I have done. What says the amiable Dr. Beattie, the last man in the world to recommend any injury to those "of imagination all compact?" Does he not point out the way to preserve that imagination in its utmost purity. "*A full meal*," he observes, "gives *a languor to the mind*, and *impairs* a little our faculties of *invention* and judgment." Let me then hear no more whining about starving our poets.—They would never write so finely but for our kindness. Why are not aldermen poets and rare wits? Read Dr. Beattie's remark. The conclusion, therefore, clearly is, that we must now and then starve a man for his own immortality, and the honour of literature.

I beg the public to understand that I hold this argument entirely for the benefit of *others!*

The low Irish like to be buried decently, and that their friends should get dead drunk with whisky on the occasion.

Pat's



A NODDY.

Pat's dress is "a long loose coat, or mantle, made of woollen, of stone colour." Let Spenser describe its uses, then I am safe. "It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief."

MEMS. FOR CAP. III.

HISTORY of Dublin. Look for it where it's to be found (in no other place) and copy the principal points, viz. that its area is more than 1464 acres, &c. &c. It will make many quarto pages. "Dame-Street is the Rue Saint Honoré of Paris, and the Bond-street of London." Some writers would describe the buildings before he saw them, especially in an *Irish* tour, but I shall wait till I visit them. "The city is admirably watched," and, in my travels in the interior, I was never molested;—yet "I was frequently alone, and had no other weapon than a tooth-pick."—The novelty of this *weapon* probably terrified them. English newspapers

newspapers commit *all* the murders in Ireland. It is therefore common for a man to have his throat cut without his knowing any thing at all about the matter.

Though I never taste any more water than that which gets by chance into my mouth, while I am performing my "ablutions," yet I am sorry to say that the water is not now so pure, in Ireland, as it was "about sixty years since"—when I was there. Of late they have indeed fished in *troubled water*, and that accounts for it in one way; but I have a better still. Above Island-bridge, the river Liffy is dammed, and supplies the town with water. The supply, however, is insufficient, and they have "contracted with the grand canal *company* to unite *their water* with the city *bason*:" a very indecent scheme, and a cause adequate to any impurity whatever.

Dwell on the misery of the poor in their quarter of the town. Mention the Rev. J. Whitelaw, M. R. I. A. and call his essay "admirable." He will like it as well as Mr. and Miss Edgworth. Help yourself freely from his essay.—Never mind being "a little prolix"

prolix"—trust to the *humanity* of the reader. His labour in "*resuscitating* slothfulness and *opening the hot-bed of insurrectional* want and ignorance," must leave you "without terms of admiration" to express yourself.

At a glove-shop I was detected by "my fair shop-keeper" in the attempt to pass off bad money. My shillings were put into "a little brass weighing machine," and found wanting. She looked at me, and I could read in her eyes, "*æs* triplex circa pectus," and, not a little of *it* in your face to offer me such money.

I discovered that a *guinea* was as great a "STRANGER *in Ireland*" as myself, and an object of "as much curiosity in many parts." Indeed *guineas* are *guineas* here. That puts me in mind of a story.—Perhaps you'll like it better as

AN EPIGRAM.

"Is this the time to lay in coals?"
A buyer asked—"Be honest, speak!"
"No time so fit," the trader said,
"*Coals will be coals*, Sir, in a week."

"Ay,

"Ay, say you so, the gemman cried,
"Then by my faith, and troth, I'll wait,
"For, to be candid with you, friend,
"All those you sent me last were slate."

Bad coin taken, "to prevent a total stagnation of trade." The north is "the *asylum* of specie." The money of Ireland will enrich my pages with a treasure of stuff. What Mr. Foster did to relieve the circulation is to his "eternal honour."—That will do for him. He must have a copy.

"I have given a beggar one of these pieces of coin (six-pence) and he has requested me to give him a penny-piece instead!!" Trait of simplicity. I suppose I can see as far as any body else, and "I cannot see why an universal assimilation of the coin should not take place." Bring in James II. if you can by any means. Lord King and Mr. Thornton to be called "*able writers.*"

"I am sure I shall make my reader smile" when I get into the south. Whether one does or not, the promise carries the reader on, like the hay before the Irish horse's nose.

Propose schemes with respect to the circulating

culating medium, and wind up the whole with the profession that you are "prompted by an ardour for the amelioration and happiness of Ireland, which every one who visits her must feel as I do."—*As I do* is a saving clause. With regard to the union, from which Ireland derives such *singular advantages*, "the fable of the two travellers and the treasure" may be told, and that will make a lively end of a dull chapter.

——"the union thrown
Into thy bitter cup,* when that alone
Of Slavery's draught was wanting."

Corruption, p. 31.

* "And in the cup an *union* shall be thrown."

HAMLET.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. IV.

I visited "the late parliament house, now converted into a national bank," and, considering the quantity of base money in Ireland, I could not but exclaim, "to what *base* uses may we not return, Horatio!" I call that a bit of wit. History of the parliament house. By whom built, "singular to relate," is not known. "Strange to relate, the portico is not finished by a balustrade." This makes *the eye lament* perpetually. Here is a good opportunity to run a race through the different orders of architecture; pediments, plinths, entablatures, &c. Though bankers' clerks live in the senate, they must not think themselves orators.—"The technical lan-

guage of banker's clerks is below that eloquence which, vying with Roman genius and expression, once resounded within its walls." After proving that they have no taste, conjure them "in the name of taste!" Praise the legislative assembly at Paris. You had better examine your ribs before you attempt to push into the English commons, for "a man must have the ribs of a rhinoceros" to get in safe,—that is, into the *gallery;* to obtain a good place in the body of the house, requires the qualities of the Cameleon. The ladies are "the most welcome visitors" to the members of the Irish house of commons. In the English they are "contraband goods." "A distinguished orator of the age assured me" that there was much virtue in many auditors, and that members of parliament have a very inferior "power of discriminating and relishing the beauties of an oration," when compared with the folks in the gallery. He thought that the house of lords, without a gallery, was like "earth in a garden pot," and wanted "*exposure.*"—Certainly the more persons present, the greater would be the *exposure* of their lordships!

Ex-

Exposure in another sense is certainly very good.—Nothing so wholesome for members of parliament, as the *open air*, or the outside of the treasury.

Thus sings the poet—

"To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends;
Like hardy plants that love the air and sky,
When *out* 'twill thrive, but taken *in* 'twill die!"

The Irish house of lords is not yet demolished, which is all owing to the inactivity of "the hammer and the saw." Packets, mail coaches, post towns,—dry bits. "The college of the holy and undivided Trinity" —more architecture. Dr. J. Barrett attended me over the library—he is "one of the most learned men in Ireland." I hope that will satisfy him. In the anatomy house I saw *wax women in every stage of parturition*, all "properly labelled." Dr. Hall, the provost;—praise him. The students restrained, by charter, from marriage.—Call this "a stupid and unnatural clause." —If "they taste of connubial happiness" (pretty dears) the punishment of the lady is horrible

horrible—she must keep her maiden name, —till she gets a dispensation. I never heard of any thing so severe.*—Sensible query. Are the "offices of husband and parent fatal to learning and piety?"

The crabbed examination here for a junior fellowship would never *do* for me, or rather it would. Give me our own good easy English alma maters, where there is a quick *fellow*-feeling, and consequently no *plucking* for ignorance, however profound. Yet even the severity of the former can be relaxed by a pun. In an examination, a student made the penult. of *nimirum* short—The long "critical ears of the learned auditory" were soon erect—Curran immediately stept in, and aid it was excusable, since "only one man in all Rome understood the word."

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus.

Quote

* Some would perhaps think the punishment worse amongst the Dutch.—They flog those young ladies publicly, who "respect the *genial* laws of *nature*, more than the sober laws of the *nation*." Rhine, p. 110.

Quote Bede to prove that the English once went "to Ireland to cultivate letters." *Erin go brah!*

More architecture.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. V.

THE Dublin society of arts under the superintendance of General Vallancey. Praise him and all his works. " A fine cast of the Laocoon.—The original I have seen, as well as the divine statue of the Belvidere Apollo, in the imperial museum at Paris, and give the preference infinitely to the latter." Now, whether I mean here that I prefer the original to the cast, or the Apollo to the Laocoon, I think by no means clear, and that I call the art of writing *interestingly.* See my *Stranger in France*—you should have such a book!—In the Leskeanum mineral museum are, amongst other rarities, " several curious petrefactions of fish and plants," These " illustrate the marvellous history of the

the deluge." This remark is new. There is also "a highly curious petrefaction of an arm," brought from Gibraltar, "where, as there are no monkeys," it can't be a monkey's, but "a human one." Query. As I have said before that other petrefactions "are the native productions of regions very remote from those in which they were discovered," why should not this be a monkey's arm (if a monkey is not all legs) though they are not natural to Gibraltar?

The nautilus taught "the Romans to construct their boats," and has had "the incense of Pope's song." *In me tota ruens Venus.*—"If I pass over *Venus's cockle* without paying my homage to the beautiful shell, may I never love or be loved!" O! pretty, pretty, pretty! "There are also some *horns;*" but I drop the tender subject. Botanical gardens. "As I am no botanist, I beg leave to quit shrubs and flowers, for beauties of another and far more *interesting* nature."—"The legs of the Irish ladies: the day was singularly favourable, for the wind was fresh"—O! fi donc—I forbear, but the celebrated critique on them

is a libel,—I understand these things, and "*by Cupid*," they are not thick. That is, as Jemmy Jumps says, "thick-legged ladies, thin-legged ladies," are to be found here as well as elsewhere, and in no greater degree.

As to their feet, I give them up to his mercy:—they are anti-Chinese indeed. The reason is, though nobody would have guessed it, "*only* because little feet do not abound in any other country." Female beauty is very rare. A compliment to the fair sex. Oh! what thick legs I once saw in England! The story's not worth relating.

"The same writer accuses the Irish ladies with being naturally addicted to the *forgery of franks*." I have heard of a Hamburgher, whose success in trade induced some one to say he was, by nature, fitted *for a sugar refiner*, but what has this to do with forging franks? I don't know. It is not true that you cannot look at a lady during dinner, without her seizing the decanter and crying "Port, if you plaze." To refute it, is like "hurling a rock at a fly." Poor fly! Abuse the writer, and shew your gallantry. Trifles often produce sad consequence, and should *not be encouraged*—morality. In the Irish

house

house of commons an orator was thrown into confusion, and obliged to sit down in the middle of a brilliant speech, through *the cork of a bottle of porter flying out in the gallery*, and setting the house in a roar. He was probably member for *Cork*, and paid due respect to the interference of one of his constituents.

Complain again of the churches being without *steeples*. No wonder the Irish have no *high* notions of the protestant church. "I was much gratified with the Royal Exchange. There are several noble apartments above, which I now regret I did not visit." —Never mind. If any buildings are out of the line, it is owing to "the bricklayer's line being crooked."

"*Genius*, which *consecrates* whatever it touches, induced me to pay an early visit to St. Patrick's abbey,* the depositary of the ashes of Swift."—I was resolved to consecrate

* Here it was that my literary researches were rewarded by the discovery of three MSS. of this exquisite wit. I intended, as their subjects occurred, to have introduced them in my tour; but rather than destroy its magic interest, I have thrown them into an *appendix*.

crate the spot. The pile stands in the "poddle."—Query, *puddle?* "In the rainy season it is frequently laid twelve feet under water." There can be no more left of the Dean by this time than you'll find of Julius Cæsar. "Water's a sore destroyer of your whoreson dead body." Praise Sir John Stevenson and his singing. Give Swift's epitaph on himself: it was never printed before! and by all means his punning quotation from Virgil's eclog. on the Cremona fiddle thrown down by a gown——

Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina *Cremonæ.*

These are the sweetmeats of writing, aye, and of deep learning too! More of Swift. Praise the Irish clergy in a lump.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. V.

[*Have two Chap. V. in the quarto.*]

"FROM the poddle I waded to my hotel." Had a *jingle* to the Black-rock, the *Richmond of Ireland.* The advantages of a capital's "proximity to the sea." The Dublin shopkeepers "inhale the breeze," as they stand behind their counters, and may bathe, without delay, or hindrance of business, if they rise "earlier in the morning" than it begins.

As you approach the Black-rock, commence your description, keep it up for a page or two, and pop in a lady-like drawing of Dublin Bay. Abuse the late administration (*late* mind) for erecting Martello towers which can't annoy a "hostile vessel."

To

To "illustrate the habits of the lower orders of people," I shall relate an event. You must know that when an Irish cook gets drunk with "that *liqueur* so dear to the common Irish, commonly called whisky, or *the crature*, this indulgence *grievously disorders the arrangements of the kitchen*:" turns every thing topsy-turvy, as a body may say. This occurred where I was. Four and twenty years service pleaded for her, and, when sober, she was sent, in sackcloth and ashes, to her priest, who, at confession, *brought her to her purgations*,* and then granted her absolution, on the condition of not touching whisky "for one whole year."

Whether

* In any sense, it seems that this is a good thing for a *cook*. In the *Almanach des Gourmands*, p. 63. for 1807, we read,—Nous avons parlé ailleurs de la nécessité *de purger les cuisiniers, au moins une fois par mois*, afin que leur goût ne s' oblitére point et se conserve dans toute sa pureté. By the way, I cannot help regretting here, that when I was in France, I never met with that sauce to which this writer gives such a character, that he says, *A man might eat his own father with it!* Pithyllus however out-did all this when he *skinned his tongue* that he might have the more exquisite enjoyment of his food. *Athenæus.*

Whether the priest secured her bottle, I know not; he afterwards addressed an epistle to her master, describing her penitence and "submission, which" says he, "threw her into a state of agitation that alarmed and melted me." Make the reader remark that *the habit of the lower order of people*, in Ireland, is very contrary to that of all other countries, *drunkenness*. Perhaps they cannot be better described than by *Drunken Barnaby:*

"Pauperes sunt, et indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter."

"Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of liquor very greedy:
Had they never so much plenty,
Belly'd make their purses empty."

[*Private Note.* My style is thought *pretty*, for a traveller; but I confess I envy Barnaby.]

"Upon my return to town, I visited the new gaol, called Newgate, which is not shewn without a special order or letter from a magis-

a magistrate."—It may probably be possible to get a sight of the inside by a man's own private deserts! Though I very much object to hanging, and cannot talk of it with any personal satifaction, I prefer the Irish mode of tying "the fatal halter" round a man's neck. The sooner a bad job's over the better—As Lord Duberly says, "that there's my maxim." If you give any thing to an Irish Jack Ketch, just before the launch, he is very grateful, and will hang you directly, saying, "Ah, many thanks and *long life* to your honour!"

Propose an improvement in the gallows. Let every man exercise his genius in the way to which it looks!—The new invention for dispatch of "the falling grate, or leaf" may furnish a joke, though the subject is not very *lively*.

Make an Irishman say, on seeing one going to be turned off in the new style, "By my faith and shoul, Pat has not long to live: he will be *off with the fall of the leaf!*"

Try whether you can make any others; if you can, tell 'em.

"I was

"I was *somewhat* disappointed in viewing the castle." History, from Henry de Londres, archbishop of Dublin, downwards. At the castle tell the story of Lord Kilwarden's murder—Nobody knows it in England. A prayer for the good behaviour of all in authority.

Having been in Ireland some time, "I was *wofully disappointed*"—for what, think you? Because I had heard no *bulls*.* This will introduce one, which I have hashed up, but which is, I confess, no great things. A footman may see a girl, in the court-yard of the castle, get up behind a coach, and exclaim, "That woman is the first *footman* I ever saw in petticoats." The reader will suppose the speaker an Irishman; let him be "from Cambridgeshire."

They are so used to "a rapid succession of rulers," that they expect a new secretary every packet. It was reported that one viceroy was going to return from Ireland before

* I fared better in my way to Utrecht.—Speaking of the time we should be in going, "a *charming* lady" said, "Surely our horses must be poor indeed, if they cannot go six hours in *three*." Rhine, 323.

before he arrived—a bull, a bull! To "dissolve the rumour," he hit upon this "*admirable* expedient,"—he ordered "his gardener to make him an *asparagus*-bed." Well, but how's that *admirable?* perhaps the reader will say. You stupid dog, don't you know "that an asparagus-bed is some years before it reaches perfection," and that a viceroy can not leave Ireland after it's made, until he eats a few of the asparagus!!

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. VII.

A PRETTY art making bridges. Seven on the river Liffey at Dublin. "It may be *as well* to describe them all here."

"The lying-in hospital." All I can do for this, is to describe it—A fruitful subject. "Social meetings" are held here to eat and drink for the good of the poor women. Architecture—"Colonades of the Doric order."—"Corinthian and composite pilasters." The Duke of Leinster and Lord Charlemont possess "highly becoming residences." St. George's church, "*when finished, will be* handsome."

The weather being fine, I left the city for another time, and *rambled* into the county

of Wicklow, with an "amiable friend," who *augmented* my *pleasure*. "Although the season of autumn was arrived," "the summer still extended its reign," therefore in *Ireland* they are found both together. "Our driver, post-chaise, and horses, were not so neat" as in England; but I am resolved to be pleased if possible; therefore I shall say "they were all well enough." If the chaise breaks down, coachmaker there is none, and for the carpenter it is "beyond his art."—The bricklayer's the man to call in—he "very neatly bricks and plaisters it up," till it's all right and tight. It is "very false," *indeed it is*, that the chaises have "a thatched roof," upon which *a cock* is frequently seen "scratching for grain;" or that the horses are always started by the cook with a red-hot poker.

Posting.—Two persons pay one shilling a mile; three, eighteen pence; that's just sixpence a piece, take it which way you will. I repeat, eleven miles here are fourteen. Nothing puzzled me more than the miles—an Irish mile is not only not English, but it's not Irish. A mile is not a mile.—You may go *two* miles, and yet find that you've not gone

gone *one*.—They have long and short miles; the former is termed "a *lucky* mile." "Why so called I could not learn," though my enquiries on these important points were exceedingly diligent. Therefore, all I can say is, curse such *luck!*

The post-boys drive "*beautiful*," and a man, however ugly, when he is asked, How are you? always replies, *Charming*, I thank you.

You travel here with music, particularly in the bad parts of the road, which is a great relief.—The music is such as a man, hanging in chains on a heath, might, but for *one* reason, hear when the wind's high—it is produced by "the *iron* steps within unfastened." Mention its saving and improvement:—it "rendered our tongues *useless*, and our *ears burthensome*." "Our first stage was *to Bray*."

"*Kilgobbin*."—There are "forty nine of those *kill* places." Kilcock, &c. "which is not a little alarming to a *Stranger in Ireland*."—Of course I was frightened out of my little wits.

Tell the old joke of, I have "been to *Killmanny*, and am going to *Kilmore*." Give

names to the parties, and if you call one "a native of Devonshire," he may, not knowing such places in Ireland, seize him who makes the remark. Though "*kill*" was more alarming, yet I was not a little terrified at *Scalp*. Here slip in a sketch of "the *Scalp*," but confess that it was not worth taking. These massy stones "looked ready to roll down," but 'twas all sham. If they had, they would have brought "ruin and havoc in their train—" always supposing plenty of people underneath. The view is "closed by the mountains called the sugar-loaves," which "push their dusky tops into the skies."

Note. All the mountains in this country are very free with the skies, but it is not likely that the *sugar-loaves* get much by their visit to the clouds, especially as from being *dusky*, we may suppose them to be *brown*.

Inniskerry.—On one side *my upper window*, that is, my "eye reposed on rich meadows," while "a village school just *peeped* with *its upper windows* above the level." At the sight of Auburn, have "expressions of delight."

You

You can't "walk through the Dargle" without you "alight from your chaise." "We had scarcely measured one hundred feet," before this earth left us, and we discovered "a new world." Here we saw strange things.—"*Mountains* covered with *wood*, *melting* into *air*." A serpentine river "glistened in the sun, till it *lost* itself." "*We followed its course*." "Verbal painting" won't do, therefore I must try my paint writing.—I hope I shall not be thought to say that no words can express the beauties of my drawing! A picture of Mrs. Grattan's cottage, which we caught *peeping* over the hills—a sort of *peep o'day boy*. The Dargle has *green breasts*. Description. "Here, concealed by over-arching leaves, the river, *like fretful man* in his progress through this unequal world, was scarcely heard to *ripple*." —That really sounds pretty—I wish it had any sense in it!

> "The trivial turns, the *borrow'd wit*,
> The *similes* that nothing fit."

Swift was very severe—don't quote him. This most extraordinary river then flew into a passion, and *roared*: then it "recovered

its

its calmness," and looked like the *dark mirror*, which assists me to take my sketches—soon again it set off and ran, but not far, before it "murmured, and died upon the ear:"—that is, fell upon its ear, and died.*

Grattan acquired his eloquence by talking to the ear of this dead river.—He "addressed the tumultuous waters as his *auditory*."

In this "new world," a rustic temple looks "like an *aeronautic* car;" (a *Car* I never heard of before) and *umbrellas* are made of *leaves*.—In Paradise *Paratouts* were made of the same materials. In Holland they are house-*fans*.—"The trees act as a fan to the houses in hot weather." Rhine, p. 18.—I "invoked the naiad and the wood nymph," but I am apt to think there are none in this country, for they did not come.

As

* Something of this *sort*, with a curious improvement, happened as I was going to the Rhine.—We "*crceped* down the Thames by the aid of a scanty *breeze*, which *dying* before we had advanced two miles, *left us a legacy* to the tardy tides." P. 7. The death of *water* then is not to be compared to the demise of a *breeze*,—hence probably our term, *a wind*-fall. None can doubt the propriety of wind's dying, since mighty man himself is *but a breath of air*.

As you cannot give any conversation with them, whip in six stanzas by Mr. Leftly, which you may say "*upon my memory stole.*" I think I recollect the last two words. "*Oh rare!*"

"Heavens!"—then introduce Mr. A. Young's description of a *different* part of the country.

Bray.—I here remembered a passage in *Much ado about Nothing.*—Hang that Shakspeare, he forestalls all writers.—What a good name that would have been for my book! The passage runs thus:—"Do not forget to specify, when time and *place* shall serve, that I am an *ass.*" Methought that this must needs be the *place*, but *cæteris paribus*, I did not find more asses here than elsewhere. What the inhabitants found, after our arrival, I can't say.

Recommend "every future Wicklow wanderer" to go to a good inn when he arrives at Newry-bridge.

"Rosanna, the seat of Mrs. Tighe," is "Arcadian," and she is an "*elegant minded lady.*"

"Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
Cursu fluminis amœnam,

Lætam

Lætam sylvis et frondosam,
Heræ mente speciosam."

"Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
Streaming rivers never ceasing;
Deck'd with tufty woods and shady,
Graced by a wiseish lady."

Barnaby.

Tell her that she ought to publish her MS. poem; that you publish every thing you write, and advise her to do it by all means. Say that, if you prevail, the favour done to the public, by giving it such a work, will "at least make some atonement for the errors" of yours—a desideratum in literature.

Make Time a painter—and the Elements colourmen. Glenmore Castle "has not yet received the hoary *tints* of time,"—and needs to be "well *coloured* by the elements." It is a pity, for the sake of *grandeur* and the picturesque, that there are no *groups* of "routed followers of rebellion" in the Devil's Glen.—The devil could easily manage this, and is much to blame for his want of taste! He does this better at Boppart,—there "fear and superstition," (which are the devil,) "have long filled every cave with banditti, and every solitary recess with apparitions."

Rhine,

Rhine, p. 424. It was here that, to amuse my melancholy thoughts, I turned Mr. O'Looney's letter to his friend in England into verse. The felicity of Ireland and its natives is described, with all that "*rough but affecting simplicity*,"* of which I am such an *enthusiastic* admirer. The measure is a little loose, being written *currente calamo*, but what a picture!

Mr. O'Looney's Account of the Rebellion in Ireland.

At peace and at rest now, my dear Sir, I write,
To relate our confusion all day and all night,
The rebels, O! curse 'em! are ne'er to be still'd,
Tho' those not dispers'd are, faith, ev'ry one kill'd.

The plight we are in, Och! you never could guess,
We've nothing to eat, and sure that's a sweet *mess*:
Save Whisky, no wine can we get in the land,
And there's such going on, that we're all at a stand.

That thus it would end, I once offered a bet,
And I should have won, for its not over yet;
Ev'n now, while I scrawl, you may judge of my fright,—
In my left hand's a pistol, a sword in my right.

I meant to have answer'd your letter last May,
But it happened I only received it to day:

The

* See dedication to the Duke of Bedford.—*Rhine, quarto.*

The mail coaches here are by government job'd,
And scarce one arrives safe, but it's sure to be robb'd.

Last Tuesday the mail bags were stolen I find,
But the coachman had left all the letters behind;
And the passengers suffered not much by the rout,
For none were inside, except two on the out.

'Twas but yesterday morn, with the standard of France,
The rebels we saw *without* colours advance;
At four we retreated, but ere it struck five,
Our party half slain, we were then all alive.

Not a man could escape, nor a horse, nor a dog,
Except some who'd the luck to be drown'd in a bog;
The scene it was awful, they fled like a bird,
And nothing but silence around could be heard.

For the present farewel! should you not receive this,
Be sure on't for certain, there's something amiss;
And the least you can do, your attention to shew,
Is to write me an answer and so let me know?

Dwyer, "the three-fingered Jack" of Ireland. What is done "in a bad cause" is just as virtuous as if it was in a good one—"it loses nothing of its intrinsic value *on that account.*"

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. VIII.

"*MAGNANIMITY* is an inmate of an Irish cabin."—Prove it by a story of an officer, who, after striking a peasant, found him at dinner, when the latter, instead of a blow, had the *magnanimity* to give him—"*a potatoe.*"

The Irish have "a bountiful quota" of children. Dogs associate with them "by sympathy." The sabbath is generally *celebrated* by bacon and greens." In England marriage is powerfully operated against, by a want of victuals, but it "is not known or cared about in Ireland"—The advantages of making love on an empty stomach are incalculable, and peculiar to Ireland. "Love lingers

lingers only until he can find out a dry bank* —and a rapid race of chubby boys and girls, *soon* proves by what *scanty* means life can be sustained and *imparted.*" Cold is nothing. —Here, as in King Arthur, Love sings.

"'Tis I that have warm'd you
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you together,
'Tis I that have warm'd you."

"How the Devil with his *potatoe* finger tickles these together!"—*Troil. and Cres.* Act V. Sc. 3.

One

* This is perfectly *classical.* See Athenæus fol. 673. lib. xv.

Αρκει μοι κειτθαι μεν υπο πλαγεσσι χαμεθεν—

where for υπο πλαγεσσι, *sub lateribus,* read υπο πιτυσσι, and translate—*a bed upon the ground,* beneath the pines, *is sufficient for me.*

Dutch love is better.—When they make "*violent love, they kiss, devour dry salt fish, and drink punch with enthusiasm.*" Rhine, p. 166. "Winter courtships are carried *on in the dark,* the union *of warm love, and rigid economy* being considered a very laudable conjunction." P. 177. Children in Holland, are so very small, that if a girl has only two or three at a time, it's scarcely worth mentioning.—The Countes of Henesberg, it is well known, had 365; and a Dutch author in whom Erasmus firmly believed, describes them to be of the size *of chickens.*" P. 178.

One man, one wife, and four children, "eat thirty-seven pounds of potatoes, a day."—"It is the potatoe," the Irish think, which impregnates their wives.—It's a wonder they have not more children, since if that's the case, they have husbands by "the barrel, twenty stone to the barrel."

"Let the sky rain *Potatoes*—let there be a tempest of provocation."—*Merry Wives.* Act V. Sc. 3.

A Chinese can *out eat* a horse—"In China the men are said to have nearly *eaten out* the horses." From China bring the reader back immediately, and teach him "the mode of planting potatoes."—"The potatoe is cut into several pieces, each of which has an *eye*—"(—the polypus is better off—) and "covered with mould." The *potatoe* being "propitious to fecundity," it has been "clothed with political consequences." The Irish rustic never leaves any of his work undone—he "having little to do, does little." Their "hospitality and politeness" consist in presenting you, if you enter a cabin at dinner time, with "the finest potatoe from the bowl."

Returned

Returned to Newry-bridge, and ate "a couple of delicious fowls." Where you can't get even a bad bed, you may get good port.—With no compliment therefore to the furniture of an Irish inn, I may say of the landlord, what Glenalvon says of Douglas: "His *port* I like."

The Irish taught the English *how to suck eggs* at *breakfast*.—In Wales they make you eat bacon with them. Their eggs best—an English hen cannot "lay a fresh egg."

I. A. Eccles, Esq. at Cronroe—dined with him—praise him by all means, and his three dramas of Shakspeare, edited "on a liberal plan." The great curiosity of Cronroe is a vast rock."—Query—Mr. Eccles, the editor of Shakspere "on a *liberal* plan"—the great curiosity?" At a fair here they sell pigs, with shoes, stockings, and hats.

You never listen to an Irishman if he's a blackguard, but you hear *wit*.—A bricklayer fell from a house on some mortar, which saved him.—He got up and said, "I had like to have hurt myself." An English bricklayer:

bricklayer could not have said such a good thing !*

Private Note. I wish Cumberland's life was not of such recent date :—there an Irishman, in a high tree, on hearing that Cumberland's father was returned home, exclaims, Och ! by Jasus, I'm so happy ; and to be sure I won't throw myself out of this tree for joy ! . He did so, and broke his leg. I should, to mark their odd character, have liked to have told this as happening to myself.

Rathdrum.—"*The town* has nothing *in it* worthy

* I am not one of those who travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren,—I have found wit in a Dutchman,—almost as brilliant as this flash of my Irish friend. Aboard a Dutch galliot, I told the Captain the story of a British and Dutch sailor, trying to rival each other,—the former stood with his heels in the air, upon the truck head of the main top gallant mast, the Dutchman endeavoured to do the same, but fell and expired on the spot, not, however, without having time to address this excellent Dutch jeu d'esprit to the Englishman, "Dere myheer, can you do dat ?" Rhine, p. 9. To those who understand Dutch, there must be something fascinating in this, for *it restored* the Captain, a very surly man, *to good humour*.

worthy of remark, *unless it is*, that the traveller should make a previous arrangement with the inn-keeper at Newry," about a chaise.

At Avondale is "a highly romantic cottage," the residence of a son of the late Sir John Parnell, "as I was informed."—It is said you must eat salt with a man to know him—ate nothing with him, know nothing about him. The scene was droll—it was "sweet and solemn." I cannot better describe it, so that every body may, as it were, see it, than by saying it was like the "islands in the gulf of *Bothnia*."

Though I have Arbuthnot's "God's revenge against punning," before my eyes, I hope I shall be excused, it being the first time, and the pun an old one, if I do commit the sin. Tell the anecdote of Sir J. Parnell's becoming a general toast in Ireland after the union, by which he lost his place, or, as he once said, "his bread and butter," when he was told, "Ah! but it's amply made up to you in *toast*."

Never fail to put the word on which your point depends, in Italics.

When

"When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes."

SWIFT.

"By the time we reached Arklow, the night had closed in upon us."—This was not the only time I was be-*nighted* in Ireland. Here our two beds were aired by one gentleman sleeping in both of them the night before. As there was a battle fought near this place in 1798, quote three quarto pages about it from Gordon, with "I am sure it will be interesting to my readers." Quote also from Father Murphy's Journal—it's very flat, but call it "*curious*."

Our soldiery "mow the rebels down by the acre." Some more from Gordon—you cannot *restrain yourself from inserting it*—then you have the reader on the hip.

As this chapter will, when filled up, be rather dull, finish it with a couple of stale jokes.—Such as an old woman's sending a letter addressed "*To my son in London*," and any other you can think of.—Style this illustrative of Irish "simplicity."

A high place is best for a view.—Arklow is described *at once*, by saying "it resembles Mount Sion at Jerusalem."

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. IX.

"A travelling hint"—don't *omit* seeing any thing worth seeing in Wicklow. "*Alas!*" I who write travels, and travel for no one other purpose in the world but to write, did omit to see many things at Arklow. I had no "letters of introduction," it is true, to Lord Carysfort's, or the wood of Ballyarthur, but I should have recollected that their "doors" are opened by a "spirit," who requires no recommendation, and never takes money.—I mean *liberality*.

When you quit one place for another, the scene is *altered*; at least it so happens when you leave Rathdrum for Glendaloch. More *wit*. "Your honour," said our driver, upon

our

our observing that one of his horses plunged, "that mare is always unasy in going down hill." "Saw a *plantation* that was a *wilderness*." Saw also in a glen "the torches of the frantic mob, shooting a frightful gleam through the trees" in "*imagination*."

The barracks built here are "stuccoed white," which is wrong. "The dusky scenery" about requires that they should be of the same colour—for the sake of "*unison*." A dreary desert—quote something pretty from Ossian.

Before *gratifying* the reader with a "brief extract" from Dr. Ledwich, introduce the local historian *Joe*, and that will make him "*known to fame*." "I think it but fair," considering how much I am indebted to his name-sake.

There are "fifty round towers in Ireland." About their use "the *learned* differ," Make one among them. On bells "opinions *clash*." Ring the different changes, and then exclaim, "I rejoice that this discussion is over" —I shan't be in want of clerks to say *amen*.

"To return to *Joe*." I am with *Joe*, like Desdemona: I can "turn, and turn, and yet *go on*;" indeed I could not well go on without

without. Joe shewed me "*the saint's bed*," and, said he, "the girl who goes there is sure never to die in child-bed." When the saint was living, probably never without running the risk of it! It is so frightful now that it might possibly prevent a pregnant woman from dying *in child-bed*, by frightening her to death on the spot. Though I myself had no great need of the charm, I might as well have taken a peep at the hole, considering the nature of my business there:—but I didn't. Bribed Joe, and carried off "two stones" belonging to Saint Kevin.

Now Dr. Ledwich's "*brief* extract" in *ten* quarto pages. "No apology I am sure is necessary."

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. X.

LUGULA, the shooting box of Peter Latouche, Esq.—he is to have "every public and private virtue."

In different parts of this tour, I found the peasants "civil and social." They have excellent appetites, but are not anthropophagous—at least, they shewed no disposition to eat me, although they often caught me alone "making a sketch."—Then they approached me as the Liliputians did Gulliver, and stared at me like a stuck pig. After asking "What a clock" it was, "with an intelligent look," they left me in a whole skin, and seemingly contented; but, from the *intelligence* betrayed by their looks, I shrewdly suspect that

that they thought me a mighty silly fellow, to stand there on "a blasted heath" drawing lines on paper.

Mrs. P. Latouche, of Belle Vue, is a lady remarkable for her "head and heart," but her dealing in these articles "is a losing trade," and yet she gets by it, for she is to be "doubly paid both *here* and hereafter." You proceed at this place, when on foot, by *steps*:—a very natural mode of progression.

In the chapel is "a *ceratonia siliqua edulis*, or locust-tree, of the class *polygamia* and order *tioœçia*."

Note. This must be left out.—I have said before that I was "no botanist," and where the deuce I got this stuff I can't tell, unless the locust-tree was, as curious plants often are, *a tree of knowledge*:—that is, had a label tied to it.

"To return to Joe." An Irish labourer, asked what he would take to stand naked on the top of Saint Paul's, replied, "What! why, by Jasus, I would take cold." Now I'm talking of Saint Paul's I should like to bring in, if convenient, the Irishman looking at the clock and his own watch, which had gained two hours, and crying out—"Och! by

by Jasus, you've much to boast of! Here's this little bit of a watch, made by Ballydongan of Dublin, and to be sure and it hasn't beat your great big clock a whole two hours since yesterday morning!"

At Powerscourt there is not so much water in *dry as in rainy seasons.* After a long drought, it will be found more speedily successful, to put off your prayers for rain till the wind gets round into another quarter.

"Dry lodgings," written over a cabin, does not signify that the beds are dry, but that you can have no whisky posset there; merely because they have none. It has perhaps never been told that "Ireland is not infested with venomous animals." St. Patrick destroyed all the "rats, frogs, and snakes," and there are no toads, because there are so many *toad-eaters.* Return to Dublin.

The Irish rejoice in their antiquity, and, looking through "the fog of fable," they believe what has been asserted by a late writer, that there were four Irish kings in Noah's ark. "To return to *Joe.*" A man talking of a bug, in some foreign part, as big as a sheep, another said he recollected seeing one

—it

—it was called a *humbug*. Put this in General Doyle's mouth.

The humidity of Ireland.—Sir William Petty, Smith, Young, Kirwan, and Dr. Rutty, have convinced me that it arises from the moisture of the climate.

Ireland has been called names.—"The Land of Zephyrs, the Green Island of the West, the Emerald Isle," and the Land of Potatoes.—Nothing passing over the roads that wears them, is "*one great cause*," of their "enduring so long." "The CARS are too *light*"—a complaint that has often been made. An improvement on my friend *Joe's* finger-post that turned round. Place "in the west of England" a directing post at the corner of three cross-roads each leading to a town beginning with a D. and by way of direction let each side be "marked with the letter D."

Laud the Irish for not having in their church yards a "right merry feast of pious puns." Copy some epitaphs, to make the Irish laugh at us. "On a boy who tumbled from the top of Norwich cathedral.

"This

"This hopeful youth by accident did fall,
From a scaffold at the cathedral."

Perhaps this will be better. On a waggoner.

"Here I lay, no wonder I'm dead,
For a broad-wheel'd waggon went over my head."

Or, for beautifully expressive and characteristic brevity, this, *on the sailor.*

"Here I lies,
D—— my eyes!"

Propose that the stones in church-yards be speedily "placed under an *imprimatur.*" —Say an *Irish* friend advised you. Now there is a fine opportunity for contrast, by introducing three quarto pages of Curran's "*beautiful*" elegiac verses on A. Lamelliere. This stanza alone would be enough to shew "how the mourning Muse can affect in Ireland."

"His friends bewail a treasure lost:
The sickly sufferer,
The poor, and those by sorrow crost,
A soothing comforter."

No, no, we've nothing like that in our church-yards! Rather than any of these, let me have the Muse of Mad Bess—

> "The raven and cat
> The owl and bat
> Shall warble forth my *elegy*."

Such is my attachment to the true Irish funereal *howl*.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. X.

[*Have two Chap. X. in the quarto.*]

IT has always been known that the Irish abound in *passion* of various sorts, but it remained for me to inform the world of their great "*literary* and *learned* passion." A "profoundly learned man," when "transplanted to England," has often been seen to "take root," and after growing a little while, he has been mistaken for an Englishman:—probably because no one could expect any learning from the Banks of the Liffey.

"Every body in Ireland *wishes* to be thought entitled to a seat in the circle of the *beaux esprits*."—It is not so in England.—

The wishes of the former are obtained. As the low Irish never speak, without *wit*, so is it the fate of "the respectable class of life (a *very small number* excepted) to be the happy authors of a sprightly pamphlet, a facetious song, or pointed epigram," and to get pointed at for it, as they pass along the streets—though it is as common as two legs to a man. "Judges, bishops, barristers, bankers, army-agents, clerks in office, *all are writers.*"—Oh! blessed country! They differ from us in their writings by adding "white days to the calendar."—*Black days* are the common consequence of scribbling in England!

As a proof of their "literary passion," and "profound learning," Quote No. 111 of the Anti-Union Newspaper.—I know nothing better—to fill eight quarto pages! With all this literature, they don't print much—which *surprised me*, I confess! The erudite head of a college kindly furnished me with his opinion of our Poets—the Latinity is of the Augustan age.

Impromptu

Impromptu on the English Poets of the Day.

Nos poëtæ sumus tribus,
Peter Pindar, *Pye*,* et *Pybus*;
Si ulterius ire pergis,
Sume tunc *Sir James Bland Burges!*

The *light* of Trinity college *shines against the wall*; and then only on the inside,—therefore it's of no use—Lucas de Penna. Thesis I. to wit—Scientiæ non visæ ut thesauri absconditi nulla est utilitas.

To man no benefit or pleasure
Can be a deeply hidden treasure;
So science bound within a college
Is, sirs, indeed most useless knowledge.

Montagne complains of *l'ecrivaillerie* of his age.—What would he have said, if he had been an Irishman? He advises the banishment

* The Poet Laureat's first ode was on the *king's* birth, and it was full of allusions to the *vocal groves* and *feather'd choir*. George Steevens read it, and immediately exclaimed:

"And when the PIE was open'd,
The *birds began to sing*,
And wasn't that a dainty dish,
To set before a *king!*"

ment of silly useless writers, and adds—*Alors on banniroit* moi *et cent autres*—meaning himself, not *me*.

A paper in Dublin "would answer I *should think*, if—well conducted."

"*I need not* tell my reader that I write just as my thoughts occur:"—by this time he must perceive it. "When I landed in Ireland," the prejudices of a stupid tourist clung about it; but, as rotten fruit drops off through the wind, so "I had not inhaled the *air* of that country long before they *dropped* off," and I found the Irish such social, gentle, meek souls, as never traveller found them before. An Irishman's house is like our Newgate, "it's more easy *to get in* than *to get out*." I am ashamed of the scandalous sayings of my countrymen.—He who said "Put one Irishman on the spit, and another will turn it," deserved to be *basted*—It is true that I never saw one put on a spit, but I can't believe it.

With all my ardent love for Ireland (love at first sight) and profound respect for the natives, (caught or uncaught) I do *solemnly* protest

protest that I have eat English potatoes as good as Irish !* However, they fairly beat us in fowls.—By way of description, say they are "as delicate as those of Normandy."

Quote Sir John Harrington, to prove that as the Irish formerly "did not *much broil or roast* their meat, it was *crude*." Establish their cleanliness by poetical authority.—"*The hero with the breast of snow*," though he could not have been a very warm-hearted fellow, was certainly not a dirty dog.

"In the *open deportment*" of the Irish ladies, "the libertine finds no encouragement." "Their modesty *must* be the subject of remark and eulogy with every stranger." "Now comes the question, who is modest—She,

"Quæ tegit faciem cum indusio suo."

Nugæ Venales.

Connubial

* The Dutch have better potatoes than the Irish "I think they are, ifpossible, superior to those of Ireland." Rhine, p. 52. It's the same, I dare say, with the natives of the South Sea, since Mr. Savage tells us, they even prefer them to *human flesh !*

"*Connubial defection,*"* very rare. "This effect, *defective*, comes by cause," which I could not discover, or my fair countrywomen should have the advantage of it. —It was certainly not produced by potatoes! "I saw only two old maids," all the time I was here—but that was a sight!

Note.—"Good maids! as my mother was, the first hour I was born,"

Shakspeare.

"The commonest women in Dublin are remarkable for the whiteness of the bosom." A traveller should see every thing! They are fine stout *manly* creatures—"powerfully made, and able to protect themselves." They are "frequently *highly* educated; very few do not speak French fluently, and many speak it" so that it sounds like French. Their "*brogue,*" is vastly agreeable.

Their

* *Note* to be used elsewhere. This subject reminds me of a neat repartee made by Sir William Scott. The Duchess of Gordon, once, but not *lately*, said to him—"I am puzzled, Sir William, to guess how they would manage in case you yourself were personally involved in a *crim. con.* affair, seeing that all these matters come before you." "I have been thinking of that," replied Sir William, "ever since I knew your grace."

Their beauty consists of white and red. Their *skin* is white, and their *lips* are *red*, so that, to use the simile of a certain poet, they look "like strawberries, smothered with cream." Many of them, it is true, resemble the beauties of Persia. One of them is thus described by Hafiz, "fat were her haunches, and her face like a full moon."

Duelling here has "subsided," but has still "a wide latitude of action." "The revenge of a bruiser is that of a blackguard," you may take my word for it; but that of a duellist is gentlemanly. However, speaking for myself, I don't like either; and have hit on a mode of curtailing the practice.—Let no duels be fought unless "the cause is of an imperious nature," and as there are few such, "the remedy would then be *more rarely* sought."

Bought a pamphlet called, "Advice to Seconds."—Called on a gentleman to breakfast—observed his shirt airing—"it was patched at the bottom in two places."—The patches were there in consequence of a pistol—I was sorry that he was shot

at the bottom. When Lord C. invites a party to dine with him, he fences all the morning at the wainscot, to get his hand in. An Irishman, "after having several of his teeth knocked out, an eye closed, and the bridge of his nose broken," in a quarrel which he knows nothing of, will call it "a bit of fun." They are in fact the most mild, gentle, and dispassionate creatures living.*

The Irish send people "*to Coventry;*" which is, I think, carrying the joke *too far.*

Give a list of their authors, artists, &c.—

I dare

* See *Motto* to title. Pleased as every body must be with my just and expressive motto, I own with chagrin, that it has been excelled in *simplicity!*—This appears in a *Tour to the Isle of Wight;* but it was the product of much time and deep research. That work remained six months printed in Hookham's hands before a fit motto could be discovered. At length the happy bookseller was furnished, and highly satisfied, with this, from Dr. Johnson, who, speaking to Boswell after his return from that quarter, said,—"*I wish I had been with you to see the Isle of Wight.*" Such lucky hits are of rare occurrence!

MAKING A SKETCH.

(See "Plates described")

London, Pub.d by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Feb.y 1.st 1809

I dare say you can make out 140 or 150; print them in two columns, and they will fill nearly four quarto pages.—Who will not have a book in which his name appears?

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XI.

LET us now look at "the character of the low Irish, a little closer"—having ascertained their cleanliness, there can be "no offence i' th' world."

"Pat's wit and warmth of heart are his own," and so are his clothes and the warmth of his body, for he stands before us "in mudder's (mother's) *nakedness*."—"I speak of him in a quiescent state." What is not his own won't be easily guessed—"his errors and their consequences!" These are "not to be registered against *him*," but somebody else; I don't know who.

In "quick conception," (I don't here mean the women) "they are equalled only by

by the *Russians*."—They have always been famous for hay-makers, but they do not stop there, for they "make bridles, stirrups, and cruppers of the hay," which they have made.

The potatoe may be a cause of fruitfulness, but Dr. Campbell assures us that the Irish are like Mr. Shandy, "*short*"—he ascribes it to the diet, but "I do not see how meagre diet is likely to *curtail* a man." From my observation they have grown, or the breed has improved, since the doctor was there in 1777.

"The lower orders will occasionally *lie*, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better"—(and very often if they are)—"and so we should all;" even travellers! "It has been asserted, that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering"—they never robb'd me; but perhaps a Cambridge man is safe, "CANTAB *it vacuus* coram latrone viator."

> Of thieves the Cantab has no dread,
> Whose purse is empty as his head.

Drunkenness to the great honour of the city

city, has "principally confined itself to Dublin."

The common people receive the rudiments of knowledge and the light of science from an "*uncharactered* itinerant," a "miserable breadless being," who opens a school *in a ditch*, scorning the pomp of Plato and the groves of Academus. The head of this college *rarely* takes money.

These "boors take off their hats," to each other.—This I call "civility." If one meets "a boy after his own heart," he is styled "a *cam*-rogue"—Query—*dam?* "If you ask a common fellow which is the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so," but "appeal to his imagination."—Now, I call this such an excess of *civility* as is really too much!

"The *peasantry* are uncommonly attached to their ancient melodies"—

"Gentle airs, *melodious* strains."

This is probably because, they

"Call for *raptures* out of WOE."

Athaliah.

By

By those who are "capable" (they are few) "of appreciating the *unrivalled* extent of his genius, *Viotti* is admired," and Woelff, whom they call *Woeful.* They make sad work, by the bye, with names, but not always without design. I have been told that when Mons. *Didelot*, the dancer, had acquired great fame in England, they insisted upon it that he was an Irishman, who by at ransposition of sounds, had Frenchified his name, which really was *O'Diddle.*

Kelly is, of course, an Apollo in their eyes. On my observing that it was the opinion in England that he obtained all his music from abroad, and never composed any himself; one "profoundly learned" *Irishman*, more candid than the rest, anima candidior (see motto), said, "then, by Jasus, I would not have him say in writing on his books that he is the composer, but I would have him put the word used by old translators, and say the music *done* by Mic. Kelly, which you know he might honestly, since he does not *do* any of it himself." I told this same *literary* gentleman, that when Mr. Kelly left the stage, he intended, as well as music-seller, to turn wine merchant; and that

Mr.

Mr. Sheridan's opinion being asked, he cried, Ay do, Kelly, and put over the door, "*Importer* of music, and *composer* of wine."* "*By Jasus,*" (if an *Irishman* speaks without this oath, depend upon it he's an *Englishman*), "by Jasus," exclaimed the gentleman, "then, and didn't I say he was a man of *import*ance!"

All this to be left out of the quarto. There I must praise every body, or I must not say any thing about them.

"Sir J. Hawkins affirms that Dubourg often wished to enjoy an Irish *fair*."—This is equivocal. See whether you can make any thing of it.

"A Sunday with the peasantry" (and some others) "in Ireland is not *unlike* the *same* day in France." At their anniversaries, "many droll things are said, and many heads are broken."—These must be *good hits!* Revenge here is very lazy, it "rises not with the morning,"—but it gets up before night, viz.

* Mr. Sheridan is very fond of this pun, for some one observing to him, that a certain piece of music called *Kelly's* was very neat, he replied, "Yes, *as imported*."

viz. An Irishman begged a lodging of a priest, who said there were but two beds in the house, "one for himself, and the other for his niece."—Pat took an opportunity of slipping the bellows into the young lady's bed, and in five days after "found it there still," which proves the old saying that "priests are not capons."

Extract an account of Irish howling* for the dead, from "a sprightly tourist, whose name does not appear to his book."—Strange neglect of fame! After a fit of sorrow, and the fathers and mothers are drunk, "the youth become *more enterprizing* and are frequently *successful*. It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings."—*Matches;* bastards, Miss Edgeworth; so you should have said in this passage

* According to *the author of* "CORRUPTION," (no unfit cognomen for Mr. *Little*) "Spenser says that our howl *is heathenish, and proceeds from a despair of salvation.* If so, I think England may join in chorus with us at present. The Abbé de Motraye tells us, that the Jews in the East address their dead in a similar manner, and say, 'Hu! Hu! Hu! why did you die? *Hadn't you a wife? Hadn't you a long pipe?* &c. &c."

Carpenter, 1808.

sage of your "*admirable* work, called Rack Rent." I quit their "*mortuary peculiarities.*" Their curses are "whimsical."—"May God bless you!" is one—an *Irish* one.

On the anniversary of Saint Patrick's day "they get very tipsy—" and they have once or twice been seen so at *other* times. On this day they "walk through the streets with *trifolium pratense*, or, as they call it," (poor ignorant people!) "*shamrock*, in their hats." Describe this revel by inserting three pages of Swift's version of "O' Rourke's feast." —This O'Rourke had "private assignations" with Queen Elizabeth, who was "enamoured *with* him," and, as I have read in a quarto book, written by "a gentleman of an erratic turn," she was "*indulgent*" to him. O Bess, Bess!

They kindle bonfires "on Midsummer eve, to propitiate the sun to ripen the fruits of the earth." This I think very stupid—how much wiser would it be to place "a bowl of whisky on his altar"—that would be new, and "novelty" is "*acceptable*" to the sun.

"In the last century, every great family in Ireland

Ireland had a banshee; i. e. a fairy,"—" These agreeable supernatural visitors have not been seen *for some time.*"

" Different sexes crowded together in one room in a cabin" is not the cause of indecency and consequent sensual depravity"—" the contrary is the case, *I was informed.*"——" There is no indecency in nakedness, Dr. Campbell *admirably* observes;"—" but emotions will arise on seeing the *lady stepping over the stile,*" as he admirably adds. Tell some of your French stories about visiting collections of " naked figures," with ladies of " unsullied modesty, who *critically* pointed out to you all their *minuter* beauties."

I cannot abide the *mauvaise honte,* of the French, the *pudor malus* of the Latins, the αιδως ου αγαθη of the Greeks, or the " *all my eye Betty Martin,*" of the English, which leads the *vulgar* to treat nature, " Holy Nature," when unadorned, in a manner so unworthy of her charms.

Let Mr. Knight teach them how to conduct themselves with modesty and propriety, from the conduct of " *a high bred princess*" in a similar situation.

" When

"When the Princess Nausicaa and her maids are washing their garments in the river, and the *naked shipwrecked mariner*, appears as a suppliant before them, they act precisely *as a high bred princess, and her half bred maids would* NOW. The one, *with real dignity*, and *real delicacy*, *listens* to his supplications, and relieves his necessities; while the others, *mistaking as usual*, affectation for dignity, and timidity for delicacy, *run screaming away*."—Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste, P. 285. Payne, 1805.

"The acute discernment" of women made a "sad mistake in the adoption of the rage for *semi-nakedness*."—I hate to see things done by halves. A pretty woman perfectly "nude" is not only perfectly modest herself, but the cause of modesty in others.*

"An

* On this account, I suppose, the right reverend archbishops and bishops, grave doctors, and flagellating masters, chuckled and were so delighted when at the Westminster play this year, 1808, these words were uttered by *Thais*, in the epilogue to the *Eunuchus*; "*hodie vestibus haud opus est.*" It must have been the *moral feeling*

"An ancient legislator, who knew the passions, to *lessen* the influence of women over men, exposed thé former naked."—"The lady of mountainous bulk" looks particularly ill when in semi-nudity, and as she is; "like Falstaff, in a state of *perpetual dissolution and thaw*," it would be more modest for appearance, and much better for coolness, if she went stark naked, and "larded the lean earth" as she made it groan beneath her step. I shall *dwell* on this subject no longer.

Yet one word more;—and then I shall as the poet says, "leave a last long lingering look behind." Lady M. W. Montagu has, in her letters, with infinite modesty, observed—"if people went naked, it was always my opinion that the face would be the least admired;" and to further this desirable end, I beg leave to assert that it is absolutely obscene to wear any dress.—My authority is a French writer of great eminence. "Ne sçait-on, pas" dit-il, "que les

feeling which electrified their nerves, and occasioned so much rapture; for what wit is there in—*now a days there's no need of cloaths?*

les statues & les tableaux n'offensent les yeux que quand un mêlange de vêtemens rend les nudités obscenes?" He adds that the immediate power of the senses is weak and confined, but it is powerfully assisted by the imagination, which is brought into action by the means of such dresses as the ladies wear at present, and would not be at all concerned, if they were to appear without any. The modern toilette is full of art.—If they shew little, it is to make you desire to see more; if an obstacle intercepts the sight, it is the better to irritate the imagination; and, if they conceal one part of the object, it is but to lend a charm to that which is not exposed:—

Heu! male tum mites defendit pampinus uvas.

Alas how badly then, the airy leaves
Defend the fair ripe grapes o'er which they hang!

The morality, decency, propriety, and modesty of going naked, being clearly proved,* I shall

* "In the Russian baths, that is to say, in the warm ones, both sexes meet promiscuously in a state of Nature;

I shall state the *only* reason why the fashion is not likely to be adopted. It has this objection. We often hear people say, such a dress carries its *date* with it; now nakedness would have this defect in a high degree.—The *primitive* dress of a woman at *fifty*, would carry its *date* with it.—Artificial habiliments, on the contrary, bear no such stamp, for sixty and sixteen, as we daily see with more mirth than sorrow, wear the same bright colours,* the same soft downy plumage! Truth, however, would benefit by it, and the old monkey would be known by his rump! But I beg pardon for urging any

ture; and after washing, and no doubt admiring one another a considerable time, they plunge into cold water."—Macgill's Travels in Turkey, Vol. 1. p. 225. Murray, 1808.

He adds that "one of our modest, *half-naked* British fair would be looked on by a Turk as *the most abandoned* of her sex."

* In the year 1604. T. M. in his *Blacke Booke*, talks of certain folks, "who take it for a pride in their *balde dayes* to weare *yallowe curles* on their foreheads, when one may almost see the sunne goe to bed through the chinkes of their faces."

any point on the *slight* ground of truth, morality and modesty.

I have frequently remarked on "the ingenuity" of the Irish.—If they have few tools, they put them to many uses. A common fellow (one of the ingenious) will sweep "down a flight of stairs with his wig, and wear it afterwards." Apropos of wigs.—In St. Giles, in London, "after dinner a little boy with a wig on his head, walks round the table for the guests to wipe their fingers upon."—I always admired this custom, and have thought myself an ancient Roman at the time, for *they* wiped their hands on the hair of their slaves, which was suffered to grow long for the purpose.

Nothing like travelling.—The proverb says, "*he, that travels far, sees much,*"—this might be said of a horse though, as well as of a man.—We wont examine the matter.—I used to have my prejudices, but, now since I've been in France, I know that the French are not *all lean men,** and Ireland has

* It was in Germany that I learnt, amongst other things *equally* curious, the reason why *sans culotism* or at best

has convinced me that an Irishman can speak for some time without making a bull. If they make more bulls than the English, it is owing to the "quickness of their thoughts," or wit.—An Irishman frequently "discharges his answer," "*before* the question," and "another is ready to follow," which accounts

best, "the fragment of a pair of breeches," is preferred in the French army. "After the French took possession of Bologna, a soldier with a *fragment* came up to Bonaparte, and begged that he would order him a new pair, to which his general, who had none to give him," "(being bare as himself,)" very shrewdly replied, "my good fellow, that will not do, it will hinder your wounds from being seen." Rhine, p. 14. There may be something in this; but though I think that men should be proud of their honour, yet I cannot see how that honour is benefited, by constantly shewing *its seat*. An *article* which I have the vulgar prejudice to consider, as far more honoured IN the *breach!*

I have but one other little tid bit of information, to offer on this fruitful subject. You have heard much of the size of Dutch breeches, but it is probably new to you, that son, father, and grandfather, all wear the same pair —aye—even when they are going to be married.

"Grandfather, father, and son, have in regular succession, proceeded to the altar in the same nuptial breeches." P. 26.

counts for his always being before-hand with you.

"To return to *Joe.*" To shew with what little consideration they speak, relate how Pat betted a wager that a fellow-bricklayer did not carry him up a high ladder, and bring him down safe.—The carrier winning, "Pat said, by Jasus, he tript once as we were coming down, and I was in hopes I should have won."

These *facts* exhibit *some* reading, and knowledge of *antiquity.*

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XI.

[*Have two Chap. XI. in the quarto.*]

I HAVE gone on so badly with respect to bulls in Ireland, that, lest the reader should be disappointed I must endeavour to carry a hot-press into other quarters. Let's see—where can I rummage ?—An *intelligent traveller in Ireland* must not omit a stock of bulls, *coûte qui coûte*, let him get them how he can. I'll put down a few old ones for the present; perhaps I may recollect some others by and by.

"Lexicographical" Littleton's amanuensis, coming to the word *concurro*, said, 'In English, I suppose *concur* ?"—"Concur," cried the disapproving doctor, "*condog* !" Down

went *condog* directly, as the interpretation of *concurro*, and it appears in Ed. 1678. What is *very surprising*, and most worthy of remark, " it has been expunged, and *does not appear in subsequent editions ! !*"

Condog is a *bull*.

" I have *frequently* seen, in the windows of houses in London, the following notice : 'A good first and second floor to be *let unfurnished with every other convenience.*'" This will do.—If I had the pointing of most writings, I could make nonsense of them.—I believe that art won't be denied me ! Suppose a comma came after *let*, then there would be too much sense for my purpose, in " *unfurnished with* every other convenience." See now to what a length bad punctuation will lead.—A poor woman at Shoreham, whose husband was going to sea, handed, through the clerk, to the parson, this public prayer :—" A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation." —The parson, pointing it in his own way, read to the ears of his flock—" A man, going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation," and set them all in a titter.

So

So when a young lady cries "Pray don't:—Leave me alone!" I always hear, *Pray don't leave me alone.*—But it may be doubted whether there is any misunderstanding here.

Ridicule "Dr Heylyn, the cosmographer," and consider him as betraying a shamefull ignorance of *geography*, because he once "lost his way on a *common*."

I "enrol myself in the list of English *blunderers*." In my northern tour I wrote "Goliah for Sampson."—"I shall not be charged with *vanity*" for mentioning this, though perhaps I may with forgetfulness, for not recollecting many more and much greater blunders.

"To return to *Joe*,"—there is no *travelling* without him. A Frenchman, who was disgusted at our stage funerals in Hamlet, &c. observed, in his tour here, that this was not the only instance of our delight in gloomy objects, since in almost every street, there were little theatres opened, in which "*funerals were performed.*"

These are but mere oxen; now I come to "perfect bulls." A student at Cambridge being asked what he wanted a number of oranges

for—

for—answered, "to make lemonade." The respondent in this cause was "*of high classical attainments*," therefore he did not laugh when he discovered his important mistake, but "was *overwhelmed* with *astonishment* and *confusion*." Poor soul! Give half a dozen figurative expressions in the poets, and term them bulls.

You may call this verse in Virgil a bull.

Moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.

Let us rush into the fight and die.

Never mind what others think, who know better.

A man's having declared that he would not "venture into the water until he had learned to swim," is quite new—if you call it "a *French* bull." Some one once told me, that it was the first of the *Facetiæ* of Hierocles. "If it were necessary, *I could* produce fifty more instances" "to prove that bulls are diffused all over the world." If the reader doubts it, let him "return to *Joe*:"—that's my proof.

A foreigner "wishes that *shall* and *will* had never been heard of." An Irishman will

say

say, If I eat that, I *will* have the belly ache. Ignorant dog, he should say *aitch*; shouldn't he Mr. Kemble? I do like that Kemble—he's just such another *Minutius Felix* as myself.—What a cobweb brain he has: how he catches the *little* flies! There is a figure called oxymoron, of which Mr. Kemble furnishes a fine example—the *little great* man.

Don't insert in the quarto this exemplification of the use of *will* for *shall*, nor the following—they are too good.—however, I'll put them down in "*my pocket book.*" A teague fell into the river, and just as he was about to be drowned, he cried out—By Jasus I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* help me!

The pronunciation in London of "w as v, or v as w," illustrated by a conversation that actually "*passed* between a citizen and his servant," will become the dignity of the large book.—

"*Cit.* Villiam, I vants my vig,

"*Ser.* Vitch vig, sir?

"*Cit.* Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig box, vhich I vore last Vens-day at the Westry."

The

The introduction of these pieces of information is what I call being "*a stranger* in Ireland."—By the way, I may as well, amongst the bulls, notice my denominating this work "*A tour in Ireland.*"

It has been thought that the Irish are not partial to labour, but so far from that being true, they have a "*favourite* day in the week for work."—Monday is the day. Here a scrap of antiquarian knowledge—"It has been asserted that some of the customs, which discriminate the Irish from the English, were derived from the north of Europe," but how can that be, when the Germans get drunk on Monday, and the Irish work; the latter call it *black* Monday, and the former *blue?* Say that the Germans name it *blue*, because they beat one another *blue* on that day.—Perhaps you might add, that the *blue devils* come from the north.—To this moment no one has ventured a guess on the subject.

The Emperor Francis abolished blue Monday, but it would not do—it "*is still blue.*"—It is a pity the emperor did not think of sending for the Irish, they would have

"strip

"stript it of its *azure vest*, and clothed it in *a suit of sables.*" Every man, says *Jean Jaques*, is *figurative* in his expressions, except a blockhead, and a mathematician.—I am sure I am not the latter.

"Very few" bastards in Ireland. *The native pride of the low Irish, ill directed by ignorance, is the frequent source of many of their better qualities.* "Beggary is thought odious," but it is so common here, that they don't seem to me to act up to their principle, "no one, however pinched, could ask for alms in his own neighbourhood." This is inversely to the man, who could not cry at a moving sermon, because it was not his parish. —But, for the motive of not asking alms in their own neighbourhood.—Though the women are *so modest*, Irish*men* are not *proverbially* so, therefore it can't be always through modesty.—Is there no other reason for not begging where *one's known?*

At Killarney, formerly, it was thought better to be a *beggar, than a sorry tradesman.* —As it is no longer so now, this race has probably emigrated to England, where we meet with many of that way of *thinking.*

With all the "literary passion" of the Irish, they are very indignant at being taught for nothing, and frequently remain, by preference, in profound ignorance of letters.—This is proved by the "gratuitous schools," to which they will not go.—I have jumped upon a scheme how to trick these *literary* folks out of their ignorance—let them pay "only a tester at the end of the year."

The women *here* like their children. "*Ireland* is not cursed with *English* poor laws: there are no pauper houses here, into which a child can cast the hoary-headed infirm author of his days." The comfortable advantage of the absence of this curse is evident.—The infirm parent is not given up to "a parochial officer," who can take care of him, but has "the soothing endearments of filial gratitude," which, if not shewn by running away from him, must in general be exhibited by starving together.

Of their "docility, I *could* relate many instances."—That no doubt may exist on this point, quote two pages and a half, from Mr. Bell—Call it "his *admirable* pamphlet,"—

he'll

he'll thank you, and you'll have reason to thank him.

It is highly absurd in our government to think of producing peace and good will amongst the Irish by force.—Go and talk prettily to them, and it's done.—Dr. Stevenson used "a course of civilities and *gentle expressions.*" "Behold the fruits of a deportment like this! In one day six hundred rebels surrendered." My tour and Virgil have taught me that this is the way, *pectora mulcere*, to milk a boar.

Subpœna Gordon, Davis, and Spenser, to prove their courage. Rebellion is not *natural* to them. With all the virtues under the sun, they are "sunk in the scale of society." —"Who would believe it?" There is here a sort of "*middle*-men," but they do not confirm the "*medio* tutissimus," for they are "ravenous wolves," between the "proprietor and the occupant of the land."

"The soil thus circumstanced resembles a starved horse carrying treble"— a *base* thing. Now, it is a new saying, that when two ride on a horse, one must ride behind; but this is a fresh case, and here it would seem as it

two

two must ride behind.—These two are the proprietor and the tenant, while the "*middleman*" rides *first*; so a horse in Ireland, with three on his back, is *a bull!*

An *Irish peasant, on his potatoes and milk, lives like an English hog*; with this difference, that the latter never eats "a Sunday bit of *pork*" which the former sometimes does.—To complain therefore of his associating with "his cow, his dog, and his pig," would be inconsistent. Were I *the pig*, however, I should be very shy of keeping his company!

I have told the story of the barber's thrusting his wig into a cannon's mouth to stop it. Indeed they have no idea of the force of a shot, but think that a hat would stop it directly. Therefore when an Irishman rushes to battle, resolved to die, he "*uncovers his head*, and *bows it to the bullet* of his enemy."

Recapitulate all their virtues already touched upon. Being in their misery "unrivalled in *gaiety of heart*," recommend them to government, that it may, like the Doctor, "after *all* that."

"I ap-

"I appeal, not to the affections or humanity, but to the justice of every one, to whom chance may direct these pages." Pooh! that might do for "my pocket book," but it won't do for *a quarto;* for *chance* might *direct* it to give them a very clumsy thump, and I had better appeal to their *humanity.* Consider this, and go on praising Ireland.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XIII.

IN September, when other young men of my country are *idly* employed in shooting, or pursuing what could be very well done without, I visited the Lake of Killarney. After having once left Dublin, and returned, you must, to go to Killarney, "again quit the capital."—If not, by Jasus, the devil a bit of Killarney will you see, unless you let somebody else look for you!

"Stopped at Naas."—See, when you get home, what Dr. Ledwich and Spenser say about the Danish mounts in this country. This is the place for it.

As I *guess* that I am principally writing for women, it will be necessary to shew a little

little sensibility for *dumb animals*—though I can't very well see how women* are interested in any thing of the kind. *N'importe.*—"The result of an *anxious* and active enquiry" respecting horses' tails is, that Mr. Young was right, in 1780, to affirm that they "ploughed and harrowed with their horse drawing by the tail;" but, "it is *with real pleasure*" I state that this misery is no longer entailed upon them. It was supposed to *refresh* them, which "reminds one of the farmer in England sewing up the jaws of a ferret," when being expostulated with, he said, "Why, domen, mon, her likes it, her be used to it."† However, they still

* By the bye, I believe that no people ever thought of imitating the Dutch in this matter—they "are very fond of representing *Silence* under the form of a *woman*." —Rhine, p. 257. Ironical dogs! I saw one in basso-relievo, at Amsterdam—the finger is pressed close to the lips as a security.

† 1807. I fear that I have made some mistake here. General Doyle, this session, said it happened in *Ireland*. I think, too, that I have confounded the skinning of the eel with the ferret story, by saying, "Her be used to it."—That's *Joe's* fault. The General is certainly neater

still continue the custom of asking a thirteen a week more for the run of a long tailed horse, than for one that's docked. Their humane reason is, that the latter can't eat so much, because he has no tail to drive away the flies.

Excuse my adverting again to "the felicity of their native *wit*."—Never mind the "farranta foras, or ancient graves."—Come along with me to the "little stands of *shoe-blacks*," in Dublin, the festive seat of "whim and pleasantry." Once upon a time, an Englishman paying them with rudeness, "a dirty urchin" but a *wit*, said, "By my shoul! all the *polish* you have is upon your boots, and I gave it you." If wit were more *polite* than it generally is, it seems that these beaux esprits *give it* all away.

Now be "at Kildare."—I may be thought no *conjuror*, but I am though.—

Ut MAGUS; *et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*

Here are a nunnery and an abbey, the abbot of which was, "for several years, under the

neater with his "Domun, mon, doant you see how hur snubs up hur no e—hur loikes it."

the petticoat government of the abbess of this house;" i. e. the nunnery, and it does not appear that he suffered any "taint from the pestiferous breath of scandal."—"Thank God" that the ladies of Ireland, through St. Brigid, have so much *modesty* and so little *celibacy*. St. Brigid's "inextinguishable" fire, was "*puffed out*" by the Archbishop of Dublin, in 1220.

In this place, in the 14th century, was born "David O'Buge," a learned Carmelite, who was called "the *burning light*."—Query—*O'Bougie**—quasi, *Wax taper?*—He is supposed to be the founder of the order of the *Illuminati*.—Let the epithet *luminous*, so frequently and stupidly applied to *Gibbon*, be transferred to this gentleman, and, that the former may lose nothing by it, call him *no-luminous*.

Farther query—Had this "burning light" any

* This sort of name, so appropriately given to *shining* characters, was carried to a still greater degree of perfection in 1590, when, according to Tiraboschi, vol. iii. 387, Du Bartas, in a work called *La Semaine*, styled the *Sun* the *Duke of Candles*, &c. "Il sole vien detto il Duca delle Candele, &c."

any relation to what is styled *a burning shame?* When you return to town, consult Mr. Winsor, who has a patent for "light and heat." For any thing like a pun on a name, I think it unnecessary to apologize. I have most grave and serious authority for the practice. Mr. Southey, continuing the *Specimens of the English Poets*, after Ellis, has, with all the becoming dignity of a critic, written one of his *preliminary notices* thus: "THOMAS SPRAT, Bishop of Rochester, aptly named *Sprat*, as being one of the *least* among the poets." Now, I call that *fishing* for a pun with a witness to it!

Approaching the Bog of Allen, have a conversation on the mutability of things. Your "intelligent fellow-traveller," who knows better than you do that there is no *punctum stans*, is reminded of one of Dean Kirwan's sermons, who, in more words, states the novel position, that nothing is *constant but inconstancy*. Praise the Dean, and quote the passage at length.

Hitherto I could not have seen fewer *bogs* if I had been travelling in Scotland. "This was the first bog I had ever seen in Ireland." It is a "*false* notion that *a bog* is *a collection*

of

of mud," and that people can't "walk upon it." In England I confess that I have experienced, *up to my middle*, that the *notion* was not *false*, and I should not be *surprised* if an Englishman, who had never seen any other, should form this "false notion;" but here people walk, cattle graze, and *a bog* is a source of "curiosity and *amusement*."* As for the latter, so are ours, as I recollect, from the conduct of the by-standers, when I fell in!

That the turf bogs are "*miasmatic* and *insalubrious*," is an error.—The country folks *preserve* their *butter* in the bogs. They also hide it in trunks of trees, where, though it becomes "almost *friable*, yet it is not devoid of *unctuosity*."—"*A cobbler*," overwhelmed in one of these *bogs*, was "afterwards *reclaimed*," and looked as if he had "been *embalmed*." I had no such appearance when I came out of mine in England!

They "form, of the bog oak," an useful ornament, called "*bannisters*." The word is

* Great wits jump, or rather, it is all reminiscence, as Plato says. I find that J. B. in a letter called *Hibernia Curiosa*, p. 74, 1764, has said, that bogs are "not altogether *infertile of entertainment*."

is Irish, and signifies the same as *balusters* in English.

"The softness and *embalming nature* of a bog," puzzle my "philosophical investigation" of the subject. How bogs have been produced, I am at a loss to say; but grant me an "*if*" and I think I could tell. Indeed, I could move St. Paul's, *if* I were able! The "appearance of *ignition* at the bottom of the trunks" of trees, found in the bogs, "has not hitherto been satisfactorily accounted for." I, however, have no doubt, from what "I saw in Sweden," that it arose from *fire*. "I make these remarks with diffidence."

Hit the priests, or "*cowled fraternity*." Say, that as the monastic remains are near bogs, *it is proved*, that they were once "covered with rich fields and beautiful woods."—It might be said, if it was not too strong, that the locust is never found where there's nothing to eat. Swift might come in here very well:

> "I ne'er knew a Parson without a good nose,
> But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes!"

Bugle horns have been discovered in these bogs.

bogs.—If you *sound* them, they make a noise—and if you blow hard and without skill, they produce a "loud, wild note." "A reclaimed bog" is a very uncertain gentleman, for if he is not "kept drained," he "will *relapse*." How kindly watchful our ministers are in this respect. If *draining the country* will do, we've nothing to fear!

Badly off as many of the natives are with regard to their wardrobes, the bogs have no reason to complain.—Those that used to wear a "covering of russet," are now frequently seen in "a *robe* of green or yellow."

There are people in these bogs, "whose employment it is *to bore*." This was no novelty to me, nor can it be to *my* readers. Describe, by quoting a letter, "*a moving bog*." It will shew that a traveiler may sometimes *meet* a bog in Ireland, which, as I said before, can never happen in Scotland. The *bogs have the dropsy*, especially the *moving* ones, which is rather surprising, considering their active and simple mode of living. "This subject is a very interesting one," but, as we elegantly express it, "too much of a good thing's good for nothing!"

"I was much gratified with Roscrea."—

The

The country "is *flat*"—"A source of gratification to an antiquarian." The road from Roscrea to Limerick interests you "with partial patches of fertility and bog. I saw all the specimens of the latter, black, white and red." These coloured robes are to be added to the russet, green and yellow dresses already mentioned.

"A short way before we reached Limerick, I beheld *a small island*, resembling an *emerald*." It was curiously *set* in "a vast brown bog"—"the appearance was very singular." It was, perhaps, in reality an emerald—I did not go close enough to determine. What makes it less unlikely, is, that Shakspeare talks of a "*world*, of one entire and perfect *chrysolite*." This was only "a small island."

I am sorry that I neglected to examine the water about this isle; it is probably of the same sort as that of the river of *Emeralds*, in the province of Quito, which runs into the Pacific Ocean.

The chalybeate spa at Castleconnell—the delight of those who like "to enjoy some of the finest displays of nature," and to get rid of "liver and bilious affections."

"*Baal's*

"*Baal's* Bridge." Limerick gloves are made at Dublin.—This was told me in a *whisper*. Limerick, if I may use a pretty expression, is "*veiled in smoke*," and here nothing ever stands still for a moment. "*Cars*, horses, and inhabitants are in *constant* motion."

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XIV.

AT Limerick, "in the cathedral I saw nothing." That will be worth mentioning, and thus "nothing worthy of notice" will be made *something* of.

Limerick beef enables the sailor "to endure the fatigue of the blockade, and the peril of the battle—" therefore "O the roast *beef* of Old *England*" is a bull.

The prosperity of the town has beat the inns hollow—they can't keep an "equal pace." Dirty and ill attended, they have still "*excellent wine*, at four shillings per bottle." I always enquired deeply into this.—"Good wine," says Shakspeare, "is a good familiar creature, if it be well used"

—it

—it was constantly my custom to "*well use*" it, and the reader may have perceived that I always found it good. Here I ate some "cow-beef, but, alas! a subject of much deeper interest is to be found." "If you take *the trouble of walking* over Thomond's Bridge," you may enter the house of *industry*. A subject so melancholy as this should, coming into an *Irish* tour, be, I think, enlivened by a bull, therefore I shall proceed thus: *Under the roof of this house*, I saw mad men stark naked, girded only by their irons, *standing in the rain in an open court*, attended by women."—In the wards of labour, prostitutes "are associated throughout the day with respectable old female housekeepers, who, having no children to support them, to prevent famishing, seek this wretched asylum." Happy Ireland! Not to be *cursed*, as I said before, with *poor laws, or parochial officers*, to take care of the infirm, old, and helpless? Large sums having been raised for the erection of mad-houses; ask "how has this money being applied?" It is the easiest way in the world of seeming sensible.

Say you *need not relate* something, but

relate it nevertheless—that's proving as you go. Three of these "naked subjects" had lost their senses "by an excess of mathematical research, love, and drunkenness." "A more *affecting and expressive* groupe for the pencil could never be presented."

When a mad-man recovers his *reason*, he becomes attached to those who are kind to him. Talking of lunatics, it would not be amiss here to bring in Lord Erskine.—He has, in his official situation, as lord high chancellor of England, promised to take especial care of lunatics and ideots—Praise him—call him "that wonderful man"—"transcendant genius,"—"consummate in wisdom,"—"unexampled in promptitude and purity."—I know no man that will like it better.—True, it has been said of almost every other chancellor, but that's of no consequence. No one was ever known to complain of the eulogy, therefore it has the advantage of practical experience to recommend it.

"I am *far* from thinking that the love of wealth has *indurated* the feelings of the inhabitants of Limerick," but with respect to their fellow creatures, I do *fear* that they have

have no more bowels than a fiddle.* "I have not the vanity," (I may as well say so) "to conclude, that the page which I am now writing, will ever reach *the place upon which I write.*"—I don't mean the desk—but I hope it will act the part of a bailiff, and "*arrest* the eye" of some one, who may influence them to behave more like christians. "Want of health," (which keeps most other people at home) "has sometimes made a wanderer of me"—and in these excursions it will never be known what a deal of good I have done.—In Howard's way I mean—marry, philanthropically.

"Limerick is *enrolled* in the page of English history,"—and I, for one, am not surprised at it.—If I were to write a history of England, there should be more extraneous matter, and less of what might reasonably be expected there, than ever appeared in any history yet known. I am acquainted with a gentleman who wrote a topographical account of a little obscure village, which he comprised, by means of travelling out of the record,

* How like the Dutch! "Charity never takes an airing in Holland." Rhine, *P.* 24.

record, in *four volumes quarto.* I once observed of him, that if he undertook to compose a history of the world, he must have another world to hold the books! That's the sort of writer I like.

"The Shannon, to which I again recur with *uncommon delight*, as the *majestic Thames* of Ireland, derives its source like *Genius*, expanding from a humble origin."—How *I* happened to know any thing about *genius*, will be a bone for the critics! "Spenser has celebrated this noble river,"—so have I.

"In the lakes and rivers, a species of trout, called gilderoy, is caught, remarkable for having a *gizzard* like that of a fowl."—I had these *lights* thrown upon the subject, by one who had been a *liver* on this fish for some time. Limerick gaol is "well designed and executed."—It does well, according to Hamlet, for those who do ill; *argol*, 'tis well "designed." As to *execution*, one might expect to find it there.

The theatre is small, and the population is great, therefore of course they are not exactly "suitable." More "native *wit* of the low Irish," but from a different class.

"Those

"Those *important personages* who have precedence in all markets," briefly, *butchers*, have generally more fat than wit, but still *cutting* things are not quite out of their way.

Grose, the antiquary, was "delighted with the wit of the low Irish,"—it might have been guessed from his name. He tells the story that a butcher, seeing his unwieldy size, as he walked in the market, requested this favour: "When your friends, said he, ask you of whom your honour buys *your beef*, pray say that it is of me."

I heard, *for the first time*, several beggars, on Thomond's Bridge, talking Irish, and I thought "some words sounded very *sweet*." Here shew your hyper-philological taste, by admiring the Irish. "A brief review of the language" before setting off for the Lake of Killarney.

I know nothing about it,* but I shall say first,

* I was in the same predicament in Holland, but there *I* cut a very good figure, for our languages are so similar that "some of our witlings have observed, that *bad English* will make very good Dutch!" Rhine, P. 82.

first, that "it is remarkable for the varieties of its powers! it is *affecting, sweet, dignified, energetic, and sublime.*" It abounds in "*synonima.*"—Consult some learned friend, for, pretty as this word sounds, I suspect that it's not English, Latin, or Greek.

The low Irish have a proverbial saying, "When you plead for your life, plead in Irish." What they mean by it I can't tell, but I suppose it's *wit.* Now let us be a little more profound. "*Connas ta tu*, is, *how are you?*" They say something very near the same, "I am told," in Italian, when they want to know how you do.—No wonder the Irish is *sweet.* Give eleven words as a "little specimen" of this "*dignified, energetic*, and *sublime*" language—

The devil, - - - - - *Diabal.*
A pint, - - - - - - Pinta.
A cow, - - - - - - *Bo!* &c.

After all, perhaps the South Sea savages have the advantage—

"Whistling - - - - *Ugheeo.*
Breech - - - - - - *Pah pah!*"

See Savage's New Zealand, p. 109.

Henry Flood made a bequest to maintain

"a

"a professorship of the native Irish," but it is "to vanish into *thin air*," because he wanted the grace to leave what he had a right to dispose of—a hard case!

Sir Laurence Parsons on the Phœnicians settling in Ireland, and Colonel Vallancey on Hanno the Carthaginian's Irish speech in Plautus, will fill four pages:—that's not to be sneezed at in writing a quarto.

After so much about the "Carthaginian origin of the Irish," how can I make an honourable retreat without settling any thing? Confess the fact at once I believe, and say, "As I have not the smallest fragment of antiquarian armour to buckle on me, it would be infatuation to engage in this Punic war" —though I do not know but that I am, according to Swift's idea, as well qualified to wage a *pun*-ic war as any man living.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XV.

HERE is a rare opportunity for writing a chapter with my scissars. I can affirm that the *Irish language* "is finely adapted to *lyric* poetry," and if I recollect right, I have at home a copy of Miss Brooke's reliques of Irish Poetry, a *scarce* book, from which I can extract eleven pages of this stuff—all *in English*, to prove it.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XVI.

"*A travelling Hint.*"—"There are *no stages* or *regular posting* to Killarney," therefore it is good to have this hint, lest you should get into one of the stages, or begin a regular sort of posting! Hire a chaise to "go all the way for four guineas, and change your notes, on the day you start," for those of Roches, bankers in this place, or you'll find that you'll not be able, as the song has it, to "change your notes to-morrow." At Limerick, Kerry, and Cork, *a banker is as common as a potatoe.* I saw one who had "*failed for five guineas.*" The failure produced great consternation, and credit *no doubt suffered a* violent injury.—"These

Musquito bankers have shocking temptations to fraud."

About seven o'clock, A. M. when the *blanket of the morning* was as wet as heart could wish it not to be, "I bade adieu to Limerick, so famous for *pretty women and pork.*" I say bade adieu, but the fact is, after the stinging epithet, *Musquito*, applied to the bankers, who were *as numerous as potatoes*, I was afraid to stay—

"————timens lædi
His posteriora dedi."

"*So fearing an unlucky thump,*
I stole a march, and turn'd my rump."
Barnaby.

You cannot leave Adair, the first place you come to, "without heaving a sigh for poor mortality." It does not cost much, it's true, but it would be as well if one could know why.

"My driver was a very good humoured fellow." I obtained *all* my information respecting the monastery from him—he "stuttered most *unintelligibly.*" Upon the road I met "*pigs* checked in their *erratic* disposition,

sition," by tying one fore and hind leg together.—I am glad they don't serve men of *erratic* dispositions in any such manner!

"I ascended those great mountains which rise between Rathkeale and Abbeyseale." These mountains are very awkwardly situated. A mountain's top here is not its own top, but the bottom of another. "The summit of one mountain proved, when we reached it, to be only the base of another"—it was not so before we reached it!

The evening was "shrowded in black clouds," and I had a scene of "universally deep-embrowned sterility."——There is the true *curious felicity* of language.

At Abbeyseale, for supper, they gave me "a fowl who had lost his head."—I did not half like this; and looked, as the French say, "*serieux comme un pot de chambre;*" but thinking they were too simple too mean any thing personal,* I proceeded to dissect it, when

* *Not meaning* offence is, however, not always without its *disagreeables.* At Frankfort, a *Dutchman* endeavoured to win my favour in this way; first, by begging that

when I certainly found that it had not "more *tenderness* than doth become" a chicken—I therefore spared his body, as well as my own teeth, and had recourse to "a pyramid of

that I would hear *him* read one book of *Milton's Paradise lost*, which he did; and secondly, by begging me to lend him my *tooth-brush* for a few minutes, which he instantly seized and used. Rhine, p. 451. There was another *inoffensive* ceremony, with which all the innkeepers throughout Germany constantly offended me, the moment I arrived.—A printed paper was thrust into my hand, which I was obliged to answer categorically:

"*Nahme*—Your name?"

Answer—Blush to ask,—

Not to know me argues yourself unknown,
The basest of your crew. *Milton.*

"*Karakter*—Profession?"

Ans. A writer of *quartos.*

"*Wohnort*—Residence?"

Ans. Never still—am an Ubiquitarian.

"*Kommendvon*—Where came you from?"

Ans. From the bookseller's.

"*Gehendnach*—Where going to?"

Ans. Wherever my bookseller chuses.

"*Auffenthalt*—How long do you intend to stay?"

Ans. Till I've filled my Pocket Book.

Rhine, p. 345.

of fried pork, and a pint of *excellent* port wine."

In Ireland smoking is a more affectionate amusement than in Egland. There two smoke a *single pipe*. It is improved upon by the Dutch, who, at tea, suck the same piece of sugar candy, suspended over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling. This is one of their *social sweets*.—It is said that when the *new penny-pieces* first appeared, a soldier offered one to a salesman, for a pair of stockings, who "returned a tester in exchange with the stockings:"—this must have been a *pretty* penny.

On leaving Castle Island, which I did "with infinite pleasure"—(I must not *always* regret the beauties I quit)—I made some very valuable discoveries; such as will be found worthy of my immortal page! I have often observed in life that there is much laughter without mirth, but, I believe that such an abundance of crying, as you hear in Ireland, without sorrow, is peculiar to that country. The perpetual yelling at an Irish funeral is merely pro forma, or sham Abraham —no sign of grief, but a method of making themselves dry, as I imagine, that they may be able to drink the more whisky. But to

matters *more serious*. "In these mountainous regions," if a dog catches you with a *pair of breeches* on, he barks at you—it is supposed that the dogs have been taught this by the women! A dog "*contemplated me*, for some time, as I walked forward." I never was more flattered in my life, for I have no doubt that he took me for a *cynic* philosopher. However, my breeches were on, and, spite of his teeth, he could not help giving "the faithful howl of alarm." His master came immediately, and "threw, not a stone, but a bit of turf at him."—Query, *beef* instead of *turf*, since the dog was quiet afterwards, though I still kept on my breeches? Here I saw a match of *obstinacy*, between two animals well pitted for a tough fight. It was a contest in a cabin, between a pig and a man's wife. In Ireland, in *opposition* to our custom, the *mistress* always likes to be *master* of the house—hence perhaps the *novelty* of seeing a *man* in these parts with *breeches!* I witnessed this contest with vast satisfaction, but much I trembled for poor pigee, seeing the nature of the dispute, and the antagonist a woman:—however, to my great surprise, the pig beat *her hollow*, and kept possession of the cabin

in

in defiance of her. This sow was named "*Juliana*," probably by the husband, out of kind respect for her prowess, and as a sort of subsidy to secure her alliance against the common enemy.

As you approach Killarney, the sides of the mountains appear "blue and purple." These do not "rise from the *earth*," like some I mentioned before, but "from *a sea of vapour*," and, as usual, pop their "heads in the clouds." I must here notice a most singular fact, and well deserving the deep consideration of Mr. Thelwall, who cures defects in the organs of speech. "As we descended into the vale," I found, "that my stuttering driver was quite intelligible." What was gone with his stutter I could not guess, till, attempting to speak, egad, I found I had got it myself—he "*had impregnated me with his stuttering*." How I became pregnant with such *a hop step and a jump* family of words is worthy of investigation.*

My

* I was not unlike the Dutch waiter, who spoke English, which was a "collection of the heads, legs, wings and tails of English words, mingled together with all the confusion of a *giblet pye*." Rhine, p. 176. If I may call

My sentiment is, that it was the "*natural* effect of sympathy and association" with the post-boy. Recovering his voice, it was his turn to speak, and mine to hear. So, said he, "here are glens and mountains!" Had his stuttering remained, he could not have made such a *plain* observation. He then kindly wished that they were in England, for *our robbers and murderers* to hide themselves in, for "by my shoul," added he, "they are of no use here." Not being able to speak, I *smiled*—"He shook his head." I could not but

call this a metamorphose, it was not the worst I have suffered.—Holland used me cruelly—It turned me into a *goose*. "In Holland *every traveller naturally* becomes amphibious; the constant contemplation of so much water, quickly engenders all the inclinations of a *web-footed animal*, and he soon feels out of his proper element, when out of a canal." P. 111.

"Jamjam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles; et *album* mutor in *alitem*
Superné; nascunturque leves
Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.

A rougher skin now clothes my thighs,
Into a Goose's form I rise,
And feel the feather'd plumage shed
Its down, and o'er my shoulders spread."

but think that his opinion of our being infested with murderers was an "*unpleasant* prejudice."

I had "*penciled* in my imagination," which is a spacious blank, "a little romantic place, and called it Killarney, but I discovered my mistake when I saw it, and am happy to confess this my *single* error. "I entered a large town."

Slept at Mrs. Murphy's. To prevent detection, I fastened the "room door with a pair of old snuffers.—Snuffers are sometimes used, you know, to put out as well as to give *light:* By the "lustre of a new *moon*," (my favourite star) I walked to Ross Castle. The scene must be described, by saying it was "too impressive for the pen to convey"—that is, it made such an *impression* that it left none. Go to a chapel—copy the Rev. G. Trahan's epitaph—never neglect this.

"Well mounted," I rode to Mucruss, with my companion, and than myself never a more "*gentle knight went pricking o'er a plaine*," as my friend Spenser says. Go on, admiring as you go. Mucruss Abbey "*influenced*, as soon as seen," (not us, but) "*the*

"*the bridle* of our horses." I could have almost thought that we were at "*Melrose Abbey*," the abode of the wizzard Michael Scott. This abbey is "a *favourite* place of sepulture." "Many Irish kings" are on the *south* side. The *north* is "the devil's side" —and they would appear to be poles asunder —long may they continue so!—I should prefer another neighbourhood. "While I was reading a *pathetic* epitaph." I scented something not so sweet as the morning air. My precipitate retreat has deprived the public of it, for I could not stay to put it down in "*my pocket book.*"

In Maderia there is a "chapel of *all souls:*" —from the number buried here, and speedily turned up, this might be called *all bones.* An Englishman once lived at Mucruss, and passed for a saint, till it was discovered that he was given "to solitary whisky indulgences," when they, the *Irish*, (strange to relate!) lost all veneration for him. His indulgences being *solitary* is supposed to be the reason.

Of "the Turks' Cascade, which falls from the Devil's Punch Bowl, I could not judge."

judge."* Indeed I have always found it the worst time in the world to judge of a cascade, when there is "but little water." Its costs nine guineas for boats, &c. to see all the lakes. I went for nothing, which is preferable; but consider my object—the immortality of the country depended on the report of my "petteraro."

A rainy day.—Hear some music, which naturally makes you think of the "Irish bard Carolan," and Mr. Walker's memoirs, which, with another touch at *Miss Brooke's reliques*, will furnish six pages. In copying Walker, I may repeat Carolan's epigram on O'Flinn, who would not let him into his master's cellar—

"What pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn!
So surly a dog would let nobody in—"

but

* *Hibernia Curiosa* is vastly learned and witty here. The natives call the *Devil's Punch bowl*, *Pouler infrin*, or the hole of hell. It has its merits, however, if his conjecture be true. "You have heard," says he, "of the *bowl of punch*, that was ingeniously contrived with a spring at the bottom, that invisibly recruited the continued decrease of the liquor within.—*I make no doubt this of the Devil has one.*"

but I must reflect on the propriety of saying that this blind bard knew a woman by the feel.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XVII.

DESCRIBE away.—Swift has said—

> "*Descriptions*, tedious, flat and dry,
> Are introduc'd, the Lord knows why."

That's nonsense — I know *why* as well as any body. In a word, this Swift is a very impertinent fellow, and while I live, I never will forgive his observing, when talking of those who have *wrote and galloped, or galloped and wrote*, or more expeditiously still, *wrote galloping*—"There is not a galloper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground, (in case he had any) and *have wrote all he had to write, dryshod as well as not.*" Trist. Shand. cap. XXII.

At one extremity of Innisfallen is a hollow rock; it is called "the *bed of honour*, and is said to possess a charm against sterility in woman." If there was one in Ireland possessed of an opposite virtue for men, it would be a desirable thing. "I saw a holly, with two sorts of leaves, one prickly and the other smooth; they were called male and female leaves." A curious piece of natural history.* Style this spot "Paradise," "Tempe," and let "the energies of your imagination *awaken*" into a *dream*—for you must see what is not there—a monument to *Shakspeare* and a bust of Mrs. Siddons! The word Tempe may well introduce a quotation from Virgil, Geor. ii. v. 468-9-70—alter it as you like,—But query—is there not something satirical in—

"*Mugitusque* Boum, mollesque sub arbore somni?"

Should

* On a par with this, is what I learnt from a botanical *Rotterdammer*, who informed me, that *eringoes*, so very rare in England, grow in great profusion in Holland. Rhine, p. 13. "Let it snow eringoes." Shakspeare. See Mr. Steevens's interesting enquiries on this subject.

Should I treat my *gentle* Irish friends in this manner? Is it handsome to describe them by the *bellowing of* BULLS: or to insinuate, by their *balmy sleep beneath the trees*, that they have no Christian snoring place, commonly called bed-rooms?

"Oh! that the genius of the lakes!" What now? the reader will cry.—Why Lord Klenmare has lately cut down the woods in Glenaa, and I wanted the genius to have "prevailed upon the noble lord to have spared this *vegetable massacre*."* Now Virgil again—three lines at least. Still one side of Glenaa is "finely *feathered* with *oak*."

Private Note.—Vegetable massacre, for felling trees, and *feathered with oak*, for I don't know what, are in the first taste of pretty writing.—What gross terms would a writer of mere common-sene have used on such

* In Holland they would have flogged him into more respect. *Palace in the Wood.* "Children are taught or whipt into veneration for this wood, so that their mischievous hands never strip it of a bough." Rhine, p. 153. Whipping seems to be as good a memoramdum as could be invented, to remind children that they are not to steal twigs.

such an occasion?—but I, like Ophelia, *turn every thing to prettiness.* Those trees which "the woodman had *denuded,*" were made very comfortable in this "*frigida Tempe,*" by a "*warm* brown tint."

If it is not too alarming for the reader, say that here *you* had nearly been "*suffocated*" by a fire of Kilkenny turf in your bed-room.

"I attended the quarter sessions." "The greatest good-humour prevailed in the court." And no wonder:—on a witness blundering, "the solicitor threw the testament, on which he had been sworn, at his head," and the judge, during this time, was in his hands holding "the scales of justice," to determine whether the shillings received were weight or not.

"The lower people of Kerry are celebrated for their *classical spirit.*" A gentleman, going to view the seat of Macarthy more, gave his horse to a poor boy at the gate, who told him that he "was then studying the orations of Cicero."—Query—should he not have taken him in? He would have made a good *Cicerone.*

"Upon our arrival at the castle, we found our horses ready saddled." This reminded me

me of Branksome Hall and the horses of Lady Walter's "*knights of fame*,"

> "Who quit not their harness bright,
> Neither by day, nor yet by night."

We proceeded to *the Gap*. It is a hideous pass, through mountains which looked—to speak piously—"as if all the *rubbish* of the creation, after the great Creator had completed his work, had been collected together."

Being "no antiquarian," give Ledwich's account of Irish castles at length. The number of whisky-shops makes sacrilege not surprising. There are twenty-five at Killarney, and a candlestick was stolen from the altar without my being at all "surprised."* There are many more liquor-shops at Brentford and Hounslow—no wonder they murder on the heath!

Glenaa the great object of the lakes—here I caught another cottage *peeping*.

More *wit*. I asked a fellow whether the fruit

* In Holland I once got rid of my *surprise* in a very singular way—it *dissolved*. Rhine, p. 464. Many strange stories are told of things freezing, but this beats them all.

fruit of the arbutus was wholesome?—He replied, "not too wholesome, your honour." Near the celebrated rock called the Eagle's Nest, the bugle being blown, "we heard the producing sound *after* the echo," which confirms what has been ignorantly doubted, that, in the Lake of Killarney, the echo answers you before you speak! There is no such echo any where but in *Ireland.*

"Some of *our* questions *very strongly* eminded me of some of those in Swift's *witty*, but severe poem, called, A gentle Echo on Women." By *some* of Swift's, I mean the *wittiest.* After saying this, it will be wiser not to give any of "*our* questions," but a string of Swift's delicate ones.

"Shepherd. What must we do our passion to express?
Echo. *Press.*
&c.

This reply is natural, as "the seat of the musical echo," near the upper end of the great range, is "a hollow *bosom.*" They give fanciful names to things. In the lake of Lough-Earne, a herring boat was wrecked and

and a fiddler drowned. The fisherman called the spot, "*Herring* Island," but he should have named it "*Cremona* Island," because a fisherman ought to like music better than fish.

"We proceeded to Ronan's Island to dinner. *A more beautiful spot I never beheld.*" Here "Lieutenant-Colonel Heyland, with the experience of a travelled-man," (nothing like a travelled-man) brought us an excellent dinner. Our *mutton was roasted by a mountain-nymph.* Her husband was one of those "good humoured" Irishmen, who never consider themselves so thoroughly at *peace* and *quiet*, as when they are fighting. They remind me of the *Carmani.* Poseidonius relates that these people, at their banquets, to shew their affection for any one, breathed a vein, and mixed blood with their drink, thinking it the greatest mark of friendship to taste each other's blood, *athenæus.*

Give a picture of the Upper Lake of Killarney. Zoffani and many others, in their works, have thrust in their own nobs. —Here you'll find me sitting cross-legg'd

under a tree, a most picturesque and interesting object.

Rich as the Irish language is in "*synonima*," they have a bird here that "has no name assigned to it,"—which is very hard. They never could catch one, because there is no such thing as *calling* him.

"Evening and rain came on," upon which I was "full of delight,"—the *pourquoi* follows—because I and the rest were "flushed with the *Tuscan* grape," alias *whisky*. Being drunk "we *shot*"—(don't be alarmed) "the old Weir Bridge, in one of the darkest nights, and descended its fall."—The danger was imminent, but *mayhap* the fate of my companions, as my Lord Duberly says, "lay *another* way;" and, as to myself, we all know that *nothing's never in danger*.

To have been king of Killarney, must have been "truly enviable." * "The name of

* This was written before I visited Germany. Now "I abhor *fuming* a sovereign with adulation." Rhine, p. 34.—in English, — *Smoking a King with praise.* Talking of smoking, I must mention the Dutch chauffepies, or stoves, and here much delicacy is necessary; but he, like me,

of Donahue still sounds like royalty in the ear of the surrounding peasantry." "By the *moon's* pale beam they still see the good old king."—Again I say, what is become of the money, that was raised to build *mad*-houses?

"The weather setting in very rainy," and I, like a cat, not chusing to wet my feet, did not visit Mangerton.—Describe it nevertheless. Once more I affirm that Irishmen are not "*shorter*" than Englishmen.

I never dined at the mess when I was on the lakes, because it was kept on shore. At other times I did, and discovered that it is not true that "the Irish gentleman is linked to

Qui pense finement, et s' exprime avec grace,
Fait tout passer; car tout passe.

De la Fontaine, v. ii. p 223.

"Whilst the men warm themselves with the smoke of tobacco from above, the ladies, to recompense themselves for not using that indulgence, *take care to fumigate themselves below*, by placing, in the proper season, these ignited stoves *under their* petticoats, and they resemble the *glow-worm*"—ay, but why?—"*which carries his fire in his tail:* the cats and kittens, from the genial warmth of the *climate*, are glad to take shelter in this warm *mysterious sanctuary*." P. 157.

to his bottle," any more than the English gentleman; for enjoying "perfect *liberty*" no one got *more* drunk than another. The only appeal to the chair was with regard to one gentleman's drinking unfairly, but that was by no means a drunken Englishman's appeal; for when the chairman offered to fine him a bumper, the other cried, "Och, by Jasus, that's not it,—he drinks unfair I say, because he has drunk two glasses to my one." It is true that the liberty allowed is purely Hibernian. If you are invited to take a cup of wine, and you say, "I would with pleasure, but I've this very moment taken one," the reply is, "Och, love now, and is that a reason for a gentleman—its a very good excuse for your *sister*, my dear!" In fact, the freedom amounts just to this,—fill as you like, but drink what you fill, and always fill bumpers.

How many times must I tell you that "there is no regular posting" hereabouts? My return to Cork resembled, in some measure, the return to London of ladies of the Cyprian corps, who visit Brighton. They dash down in a chaise, and when they have spent

all

all their money, and exhausted their credit, they mount the roof of the stage coach, and, amidst the unavailing blessings of their creditors, start one fine *Sunday* morning for town.—I came gaily hither in a chaise, and went back in "*a return Cork chaise*," for a third of the money.

"On the 17th October I bade adieu (*posteriora dedi*) to Killarney." Millstreet, a good sized town, twenty miles distant, is not "indicated in Faden's map."—How can these chart-makers omit any thing, when tourists never do! The road is not only cross itself, but it makes those who travel on it so —it is "deplorably bad."

In the county of Kerry *starvation* is not found good for the cows—it *deforms* them; and, if carried to any great length, I was informed, they would die! A treatment opposed to this, is said to have a different effect—it produces "good symmetry," even in a cow, which animal, according to the idea that passion is always represented by acute angles, should not be so passive and gentle as folks think. This deserves the fullest consideration of the professors of *vaccination!* When they

ready coin they have.—"Ah! said he, may your honour live long, very long."

Having left "my intelligent companion" at Mill-street, I met at ten mile-house "an *intelligent* Irish girl, who relieved the dreariness of the road by talking and singing Irish," and this intelligent syren was as intelligible to me as if my ears had been stopt with wax. At *Blarney Castle* there is a stone, which has, it is said, the virtue "of making those for ever happy *who touch it.*" *This is Blarney.*

Cork. "Handsome houses, society refined and elegant." Praise the soldiers again.—In a *march* they beat the English *one mile out of four.*—Which can *run* fastest, has never been ascertained, and I hope it never will!

At Cork I made porter "one of the earliest objects of my enquiry," and learnt that a Frenchman once called it "*La creme de Londres,*"—which I at first thought pretty, but on consideration I was of opinion that it was but *a milk and water* sort of compliment to call any liquor *London cream.* Go into the porter trade, and without being able to gather aught certain about it, make your own

own calculations, and expose the whole. —*Heaviness* on this subject will be excused.

"Notes" (notes of exclamation I suppose) "called shopkeepers' I O's are entirely abolished." Praise the Roman Catholics "with uncommon satisfaction."

In the course of my rambles, "I rambled into a court of justice, and found the same merry noise and confusion prevailed here as at Killarney." In fact it was all *botheration.*

Private Note.—Apropos of this word—its derivation is not commonly known. It was first used by a serjeant, who, suffering from the *facetious volubility and acute sensibility* of two low Irishmen, one at each ear, cried, don't *both-ear* me so—hence the verb *to bother.*

"*More drollery!!*"—At the Quarter Sessions here, "I found *perjury*, if it had any thing of *humour* in it, seemed to be stripped of *all its culpability.*"

"I met the mayor in the shambles with a cocked hat and gold chain."—At the fairs the women are *not permitted to wear red cloaks.*

cloaks, because they look so frightful in them, that one once *frightened a whole herd of oxen* by her appearance, and caused the demolition of *a park wall*.—This "a gentleman of great respectability assured me *was true*!"

MEMS.

AN IRISH CABIN.

(See "Plates described.")

MEMS. FOR CAP. XIX.

KEEP moving.—" I set off for Kilkenny." " Walking up one of the hills of Tipperary," I learnt that the inside of the farmer's pockets here are better than the out.—He's rich, said a *figurative wit* of one, " but I would not nail up a peach tree with his breeches."

The annual theatricals took place while I was at Kilkenny. The motto over the stage is, " Whilst we smile, we soothe affliction." —The meaning of this is, that they amuse themselves for the sake of charity; as thus —The performers are gentlemen; the receipt is, sometimes, " one hundred and forty pounds

pounds a night;" they play about a month; and the amount, left in charity, is "*two hundred pounds!*"—"Lord Mountjoy appeared one night in a dress valued at eight thousand pounds."

Private Note.—If his lordship now had left his *trappings*, there would have been something in it!

Public.—This was too much for my sensibility.—I wrote eight stanzas of long verses on the tender occasion—I could not do less!

Private.—How the lords and ladies, and gentry players, will like the first two lines of my sixth stanza, I don't know—

"*Blest be the reas'ning mind*, the social zeal,
"*That here bids* FOLLY *from the stage retire.*"

Black Abbey. "The windows of the Black Abbey are very curious"—that's enough—don't say why.

Kilkenny coal makes no smoke.—Now tell the old story that sea-coal was first tried in London in the reign of Edward I. and prohibited, because the vapour was thought prejudicial to health. You may as well add that this same Edward the First was surnamed *Longshanks*, and that he ought to have

have been ashamed of himself to do homage to Philip, or any other King of France, when he was so well provided, by nature, with the means of running away!

"*Humour* of chaise-drivers."—Our "*off* horse," that's not the *near* one—any jockey will tell you what I mean—he, I say, was vicious, and kicked, upon which my driver good humouredly beat him soundly to make him "aisy." Here I can say that *blows*, to make a horse or any body else *aisy*, are as much lost "as, in Frederick the Great's opinion, misfortunes are upon Frenchmen." Ostlers are *witty* too.—When your chaise is ready, the first boy that's seen going along the road is kidnapped, and made your post-boy.—Of course, if you can't get a stray boy, you may stay for ever—but in Ireland they get boys fast enough. Well, then comes the wit, that is, the ostler, and asks you for something "for having put the little lump of a boy on the outside of the horse."

Private Note. Perhaps it would be better to leave out the word *get*, as it stands above, lest it should meet with the same unfortunate interprepation, which it experienced

perienced on a certain occasion.—When Harry the VIIIth. was produced at Covent-Garden theatre, it was necessary, at the baptism, to have a child, and a doll was made to answer the purpose.—On Mr. *Kemble's* seeing it, however, he disapproved of it, and said to Mrs. Egan—"*Why, now this won't do—I wish, Mrs. Egan, I wish I could get a live child.*"—

Mrs. E. dropt him a courtsey, and, rather hastily, replied—"*I wish you could, Sir!*"

The Irish mares are *bashful*.—Ye ladies who are, through the love of *variety*, fond of *dumb* creatures, take example!

At Athy, on the river Barrow, I took the canal boat for Dublin; forty-two miles. —When the *horse starts*, you "*slip through* the water in the most delightful manner imaginable."—This is in Ireland.—In England nothing can be so tedious as being towed by a horse on a canal. Set off "precisely as the clock struck one,"—don't say what one:—went "four miles an hour,"—*dined*—and got through "*our liquid road*" "by ten o'clock A. M." "If the objects which I had in view had not been

been so *powerful*," (potent charms) "I *verily* think I should have"—No, you can't guess—" have spent the rest of my time, in Ireland, in *the Athy Canal-boat*."—How much the reader is obliged to me!

Upon my return from the south, "I was introduced to the Countess of Moira,"—on account, I suppose, of her being "the patroness of *genius* and *learning*." Praise her and Lady Charlotte Rawdon, and Lady Granard, with a hint that you would also praise her *lord*, if you could but get an opportunity. Old and young, male and female, ugly or pretty, they all love flattery, that great subduer of human hearts.

Private Note—

"Lay it on thick,
"And some will stick."

At Moira house I became one of the *Illuminati*. The "wit of Curran, like the electric fluid, *illuminates* whatever it touches." It touched me frequently. Here I also met the Rev. H. Boyd, the translator of Dante.—Call his translation "highly *poetical*,"

poetical,"—that is not its character—but he thinks so; that's enough. At Moira house is an "ancient bell:"—wring a story out of it.

Visited Mr. Cooper Walker, at St. Valori, which "is a beautiful spot,"—but Saint Valori, it seems, cannot help it—"how can it be otherwise!" Mr. Walker deserves a little praise; give him a good deal. You ought indeed to make some verses on him. —If you can't, quote four stanzas from Dermody.

On a little "*sugar loaf*" mountain, behind the entrance of the Dargle, is an English settlement: "they have destroyed *every trace* of the Irish language, and left nothing but the *brogue* behind." Query though—Is not the *brogue* a *trace* of the *Irish* language?

"To return to *Joe*." "The conversation at St. Valori, amongst many *interesting* subjects, reviewed the native promptitude of the low Irish." "How far, my good friend, said a puzzler to a bog-cutter, is it from Mullingar to Michaelmas?—As far,"

far," said the fellow, "as from Whitsuntide to the ace of spades!" This I heard from Mr. Walker.—He *smiled* when I put it down in *my pocket book*, to compose part of my *tour!* After this, half a dozen pages of extracts from Dean Kirwan's *sermons* will appear with infinite consistency.

Private Note. "Be not so *holy*-cruel." Shakspeare.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XX.

"UPON quitting St. Valori, I paid a visit to that great man, Grattan," at Tinnaninch. *He conducted me* through the beautiful grounds. *The winding river fertilizing meadows*, reminded me of *his eloquence;* the *cloud-capt scalp* of *the force of his roused Philippic.*—You must make this out when you've time! Descant on his harangues on the right of England to change the government of Ireland.—The best of this story is, he got *fifty thousand pounds* for *one* of these speeches *alone!*—how much he had for the rest I can't say.

"*I am sure I have no right*"—(under these circumstances you may say any thing)—"to

—"to assert that Grattan is the author of Junius's letters; but Grattan has the *very soul* of that immortal writer."

Private Note. The reader's attention must here be called, to observe that this is a transmigration of a new sort; for, granting they were both alive at the same time, they must have had between them only one soul, and that a *transferable* one, of uncommonly quick transmigatory qualities. However, this is perhaps not so rare a thing as may at first appear.—Many *joint-stock companies* have probably only one soul amongst them; and that accounts for our often finding it absent in men, whom we then most aptly style—poor devils, *without soul.*

"To return to *Joe*" will do no longer; therefore, having almost run the length of my own line, and yet not satisfied my conscience with regard to *quantity*, I may as well slip in *ten* pages of good things uttered by Grattan in his speeches. This will also serve to shew that *wit* is not peculiar to the *low Irish*. Put heads to the extracts for him:—they assist to explain what I am about in my *chapters*, and they may do him the same service.

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XXI.

I left "the hospitable roof" of Tinnahinch "with *real* regret."

Private Note. All my former parting regrets were mere sham. The last chapter, I think, sufficiently pays for the *hospitality* I experienced—Though as Chrysippus says, βιος Θεων, it is the life of Gods to feast at no cost of your own.

Powers-court House. I had an "*invitation* from his lordship to spend some days at the castle."—His lady is indeed an "*amiable lady*," and so is the castle.—It "stands in the *proudest* situation."

On my return to Dublin it was Michaelmas

mas Term. I visited the courts of law, and I must say that, however the people in Ireland may complain of *Justice*, she has no right to complain of them; for she "has not such a temple in any other country." "The *juries* are prevented from having any communication with the public; a very necessary caution, which *is not practised in England.*"—What a neglect! I need not tell an Englishman, that, after a jury is empannelled in England, the jurors talk to any body they like!!

The building is so grand, that, "if there were a bridge,"—O! "if there were a bridge from the opposite side"—but no matter—there is none, and it is too close "upon a line with the street." No *fault of the architect;* the gentleman behind would not move an inch. "Still it is not so objectionably placed as the front of Somerset-House towards the Strand." Indeed they have always the advantage of us! The English are little better than downright fools at this work.—I speak from experience of *my own friends.* "In England a rage for expensive building had so possessed a *man whom I knew*, and who resided very far from

the

the capital, that he had many *parcels filled with bricks and stones*, sent down to his workmen by the *mail* coach."*

Promise specimens of Curran's style of eloquence. Mr. Ponsonby, now *lord high chancellor*, is *remarkable* for "*irony*." Mr. Plunket the *attorney general*, for *humour*. —Mr. Bushe, the solicitor general, for *serious* oratory.

N. B. The only *serious* Irishman I met with.

Quote what you heard Mr. Stewart say in court, and add, that you would have quoted more, if you had heard more.

Seem not to like "the *solemnity* of an English court of law"—It is exceedingly absurd. How much more decorous and proper the "*good humour and familiarity*" of Irish courts! "A judge feels it no degradation" to chat with an attorney, who turns about, and is most condescendingly familiar with his counsel. Whether the word *huggery* is known amongst them, I did not enquire. But can there be any thing more agreeable than this scene? It has all the effect

* Rhine, p. 21.

fect of Lear's remark—It is the true "*handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief!*"

A counsel here can practise in the four courts, Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—profitable privilege! Hence you are obliged to retain more than one in your cause, lest it should be called on while your counsel is defending somebody else in a different court—a pleasing confusion, of Irish origin! The *luminous* Curran is, of course, perpetually in the crier's mouth, and it is often the desire of his clients "to take him, and cut him out in little *stars*," that he might shine in all four places at once. It seems that he has the power of eluding search by changing his shape. In common he is very unlike *Flora*, or any one of the *Rosy Hours*, yet he is sometimes *found scattering flowers* over the "barren soil" of chancery. Query—Why *barren?* Would I had the *fee*-simple!

Lord Avondale, chief baron of the Exchequer. His anticipation of what you were about to say. Here this *new* anecdote, as an instance. A lawyer, to shew the evil of

his anticipating, once observed, in his presence—Coming through the market just now, I saw a butcher, with his knife, going to kill a calf:—at that moment a child ran across him, and, O my God! he killed—"the child!" exclaimed his lordship—"No, my lord, the *calf*, but you will always *anticipate*."

More *brilliant* extracts from Curran. Give *seven* pages, and say that the "reader will *scarcely require* to be told that they are SOLELY introduced to exhibit the style or eloquence of the orator:"—*solely*—remember to use that word, lest the more obvious reason should flash upon him.

"CHARACTER OF COMMON IRISH.

"The people of our island are, by nature, *penetrating, sagacious, artful, and comic.*" Curran.

Artful! That must be a mistake. What native, gentle, paradisiacal *simplicity* I discovered in them. *Comic* if you will; but how came he to leave out their *wit*, and their other great virtue?—Who has not found them

"Genio

"Genio faustos, gurgite fortes.

Witty wags, and *lusty drinkers.*"
Barnaby.

I wish they drank *wine* instead of whisky, because the Greek says we owe that, which distinguishes us from brutes to the grape. *Athen. Deip.* fol. 44.

The rumour that the *foundation* of the four courts has given way, is *unfounded.* I investigated this matter myself. The foundation is in water; but, as it is the business of justice to hang, and not to drown, she is in no danger. When the Liffey overflowed, in 1803, the area of the hall, by a change, never before made, by water, in Ireland, became "a complete *Roman* bath." The poor barbers, underground, who sell those

"Mighty bits of hair,
That doctors, lawyers, and no lawyers wear,"

were sadly soused, and their wigs, "for want of the heads, to which many of them belonged, were soon *out of their depth.*" Query—Will they take this as a com-

a compliment? I mean it for one, but does it not seem as if I said that the want of the *light, empty head* of the lawyer was the cause of the wig's *sinking?*

MEMS.

MEMS. FOR CAP. XXII.

I do repeat, that I am a very good natured fellow, and far more liked than disliked in most companies, but I certainly have one *bad habit*, which is that of discovering the perpetual motion, the moment a pen is put between my fore-finger and thumb. Good nature, like charity, should cover a multitude of frailties. Mine always exhibits itself, I confess, in a thumping shape, but let your maxim be to "forget and forgive." With respect to myself, if you'll do the latter, I am tolerably sure of the former! It has been said that to writing, as well as reading, there is no end. The first I am about to disprove; but, as for the last, I hope it's true.

The

The custom-house.—According to custom describe it with all the parade of architectural knowledge, or what you please to call it. Distillery.—Whisky, distilled from raw oats, is fortified by the agreeable addition of aqua fortis or vitriol. If you could get rats to drink it, you would have no need of a rat-catcher. But, alas, they are too fond of it, to put it to any *useful* purpose! The number of shops, where this liquor is sold, "*is truly shockingly great.*"—There is this in its favour, that if you die through whisky, drunk in a particular shop, the keeper of it gives you "*a gratuitous funeral,*" than which nothing can be more handsome. Seriously though—as the revenue is the principal consideration with government, I advise that whisky be abolished, and "a tax laid on coffins;" previously "innoculating the people with the plague."

The *Irish Foundling Hospital* is, of course, "*enormous.*" They have overdone it, however, for it would hold so many thousand children, that they have been obliged to have recourse to their neighbours to keep it tolerably occupied. The Scotch suffer their children

children to be "*smuggled over*" for the purpose.

Describe the charities of the Sister Kingdom, and don't forget that of the skies to yourself. "During my stay in Ireland I was remarkable fortunate in the weather."

"*In the evening* I was at the theatre"—they never go in the morning. These Irish are so *droll*; they are not content with their "native turn," but they are "full of even *Gallic* gaiety and goodhumour."—Give some instances.—During the singing of "*pit a pat*," in Blue Beard, "a fellow roared out, Arrah by my shoul! then my honey down with "Pitt, and up with pat." This "pit a pat" is "silly," but I rejoice that it was written for the sake of the *wit* it produced. Why there are "so very few Irish dramatic writers," seeing the superabundant wit and humour of the low Irish, "is a matter of surprise"—unless indeed we recollect that they can't *write*.

"Upon visiting the Hibernian school for soldiers, children, I was surprised to find that *the boys* are not allowed to go into the army. —The girls often do, probably, without asking leave.

"A fine

"After a very *interesting* tour in the north," of which I shall, to deserve the reader's thanks, say nothing more,* "I returned to Dublin, and prepared, *with regret*, to quit a country, which *delighted and astonished me* with its *richness* and *genius!*" But especially was I pleased with its *courtesies* to me. These are things one can't forget. My gratitude has, I trust, been apparent.—Has not my language, in consequence, been "braided and festooned" for their service, and my store-house of *patches* and *feathers, of the correctest phraseological millinery,* exhausted to adorn them?

As I always carry *my pocket book* in my breeches' pocket, I may say that I returned to Dublin like a bee with thighs loaded with honey—the honey of rare, and, never before heard of, anecdote and knowledge; when—

"Hisce

* One matter of taste excepted. I have talked of French cookery and sauces, but they have a dish in the interior of Ireland, which is wholly unknown to that scientific kitchen.—If you are desirous of animal food and wish for a tid bit, they kill a calf, just born skin it, boil it, and you eat it with a spoon.—This they call *shivering Bob.*

" Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale.

Taking leave of *mountains* many,
To my native country came I."
Barnaby.

Let the last words of my last chapter be, " I was disappointed only in one instance : I quitted Ireland without hearing *one* bull." A more important conclusion, or one more consistent with the beginning and middle of my work, could not have been hit upon. That I neither saw such things, nor heard such things, as other travellers have, is easily accounted for. They found that I was a " *Stranger* in Ireland," and were constantly on their good behaviour.

From my not having heard " *one bull*" there, I am convinced that the Irish never make them at home, and only in England, for the purpose of rendering themselves agreeable to *John Bull.*

After your last chapter, as you are writing an *Irish* tour, it will be necessary to add another, under the title of *General Remarks.* These you may pick up any where. Again let Ireland be " quitted with regret," and end

at length, in real earnest, with a scrap from Horace—perhaps this will do for the present—

"*Longæ finis chartæque viæque.*"

This journey long in little ended
Is for a "*d—square book*" intended.

APPENDIX.

DEAN SWIFT'S THREE MANUSCRIPTS

DISCOVERED AT ST. PATRICK'S ABBEY.

(See p. 41.)

Now first *correctly* printed from the *Originals* in Possession, and *well authenticated*.

MS. THE FIRST.

ON THE

ANTIQUITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A FRAGMENT.

We observe in Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*, that the frog Calaminthius sees the mouse *Pternoglyphus*, so frightened that he abandons his shield and jumps in lake; and this confirms our etymology of the mouse's *Turn ugly face.*

In the same poem, also, we find a warrior-mouse *Lichenor*, which some, who, like certain commentat Shakspeare, will always be running to the Greek for pretations, consider as signifying *one addicted to lickin* here we see the imbecility of foreign resources, and th strength of our own. Their explanation is certainly som near the mark, but for a mouse, how much more gern the matter is ours.—*Lick and gnaw?* It is true, that have mistaken the sense of my opponents' language, bu granting them the full latitude of understanding by words, as applied to our military mouse, that he w *addicted to licking* or *conquering*, yet is it by no me full and expressive as it appears in our exposition. B it must be remembered that *Lichenor* was not so

" addicted to licking" as to being licked, witness the frog Hypsiboas's running him through the body with a rush. See l. 202

At v. 244, we have the mouse *Sitophagus*, who like many a soldier of modern times had recourse to his heels and betook himself to a snug dry ditch—ηλατο δ'ες ταφρον. I had always some suspicion that this name was particularly corrupted in the last syllable, and the foregoing circumstance has, fortunately for the literary world, furnished me with a conjecture that seems to place the etymology of this coward's title beyond all doubt:—*Set off again*—his invariable custom on these occasions, which was perhaps owing to his having studied the *art militaire* in Hudibras, where he learnt that

> ———*Timely running's no mean part*
> *Of conduct in the martial art.*

Sitophagus, from *Set off again*, is perfectly within the canon of *parcè detorta*, which it may not be amiss here to repeat.

" New words are allowable if they descend," says Horace, " from the *English** spring, with a sparing distortion."

I have neither leisure nor inclination to go through the whole of the names of the heroes in Homer's battle of the frogs and mice; nor is it necessary, for it must be apparent to every ingenuous critic that they are *all derived from one source*. Such however as occur to me elsewhere, and are thought by many to have very different roots, I shall notice for the purpose of dispelling the clouds of error, and restoring the light of truth.

Pallas. This word should be written thus *'Pallas*, with an apostrophe, as in the instance of *'fore* for *afore*. Its origin then clearly appears. The goddess was so called on account of the Gorgon's head on her shield, that had the power of killing or turning into stone, which was indeed enough to *appal us*.

* Anglo *fonte cadant, parcè detorta*.

So Horace doubtless wrote, and thus I always read the passage, correcting the corruption (*Græco* fonte) which has so long obtained to the injury of truth and good letters.

In a very singular work printed in 1611, and entitled *Stafford's Niobe*, I find something like an attempt to prove that the goddess of wisdom acquired the name of *Pallas* from the *Paleness* she occasions in her followers. The author's words are simply, "Pallas, whose liverie is paleness," which, if allowed to have any etymological bearing, will, from their date, at once deprive me of all credit for originality in this department of philology. The learned reader is left to decide on this nice point.

Venus, from *wean us*, as it is even now elegantly pronounced by many. As the heavenly Venus had that power with the Gods, so has each earthly one with us, namely, to *wean us*, from all other earthly things, and hence the undoubted derivation.

Ἡγεμων, or *Egemon*, with the Greeks, meant a general, and is very evidently borrowed from a vulgar phrase amongst us, most pointedly significant of the office of a general, with respect to his soldiers, viz. to *egg 'em on*. It will be observed, that I have sunk the aspirate, which is a mere vulgarism in the Greek speaker, as in such instances as the following amongst ours, viz. "*Hi ham*" for I am.

Macrones, a people on the confines of Colchis, and I should suppose, though Flaccus does not mention it, and I have no leisure to turn to Herodotus, remarkable for their partiality to dress, since the word is clearly an abbreviated pronunciation of *Macaronics*.

Celsus. This philosopher composed a treatise against the christians, which having a good sale, one of the christians in a merry mood said he *sells us*, and from that moment he bore his present name.

L. Mummius, a Roman consul, who acquired his cognomen of *mummius, or mummy us*, from being sent against the Achæans, whom he beat most unmercifully.

Boreas. This wind was long without a name, until the people feeling its northern blasts exceedingly troublesome would be continually crying, "how they *bore us!*" which in time gave rise to the word *boreas*, or as it was originally pronounced *bore us*. Here we presently come at the etymology of the verb *to bore*, which has hither to baffled all research and

made futile every conjecture. It cannot be questioned that the Persian *Boreus*, and *Borus* the son of Perieres, had their names from some such obnoxious qualities as are attributed to the wind, though we are at a loss to guess what they were, and are by no means willing to venture an hypothesis that may lead to indecency. It is worthy of remark, as an astonishing fact, that these gentlemen are mentioned by Polyænus and Apollodorus, but without a word in the *Stratagems* of the one, or in the *Bibliotheca* of the other, that throws any light on the matter.

Philostratus. A famous sophist, and very liberal and expensive in his entertainments, from which circumstance his friends very properly gave him the cognomen of *fill us, treat us.* The penultimate of Philostratus is short in its derived state, but this is a liberty perfectly excusable in these cases, and coming assuredly under the description of *parcè detorta.*

Mannus. It is imagined that this divinity obtained his name from having once undertaken to furnish some *fleet with men;* but from being a German God, and for other reasons, I confess that I have no great faith in this etymology.

Æsymnus. This anxious politician's consulting Apollo, according to Pausanias, on the subject of legislation, made the witlings of his time, call the God his nurse, and then in ridicule exclaim *ease him nurse,* which speaks for itself.

Bacchus, or *Back us;* and admirably so called, because he is found to be the second best in the world, inspiring courage even in a coward.

Confucius. About the etymology of the title of this famous Chinese philosopher, we are much in the dark, but it seems in the greatest degree probable that he obtained it from being a philosopher of the modern description, who put every thing into *confusion.*

Damon. This poet received his name from a circumstance that attended his banishment from Athens. When the sentence was brought to him, he began d—ning and swearing most bitterly, on which the officer, a rough fellow, said, "Oh, you may *Damn on* as long as you like, it does not signify, you must go." And go he did, but still swearing, and the people who

who are tickled with a feather, hearing the officer's observations repeated, nicknamed him *Damon*, or as it was formerly written and spoken, *Dammon*.

Alala. The goddess of war. See Plutarch de glor. Athen. So called because the moment she took the field on any side, that side had the battle *all hollow*.

Æsacus. He persecuted a nymph so much who did not like him, that she at last plunged into the sea, and was metamorphosed into a parrot, and in that state still continued to exclaim, as she was wont, *he's a curse*, which soon became the lover's appellation.

Titans. A title given to the sons of Cœlus and Terra, by Saturn, when they warred against him. They were at first known as Hyperion, Briareus, &c. but when the God heard that they were about to fight with him, he smiled, and cried, "Ay, ay,—ecod they're *tight 'uns!*" and this name has distinguished them ever since.

The above word reminds me of an eastern one—אבדון or *Abaddon*, which will as indubitably as a thousand instances of *the like nature*, prove the superior antiquity of the English language over that of the Jews, as well as that of the Greeks, and it is very probable, *in an equal degree*, over every other, dead or alive. Abaddon is a name belonging to the devil, and *the most ignorant* will not scruple to confess that they plainly perceive its expressive etymology in *A bad 'un*.

In fine—sunt certi denique *fines*—There have been writers who have scarcely left Troy or its famous war "a local habitation and a name;" others go still further, and say that no such man as Homer, the author of the Iliad, ever existed; and a third party, proceeding another step, talk of proving incontestibly that there *never were any ancients*. But one wise man (with whom I am proud to join issue) positively affirms, that those who are called the ancients were born in the infancy of the world, and do not deserve the title, but that we who live, in this enlightened age, with all the wisdom of past times at our command, are, truly speaking, the just and legitimate ancients. This, being *reasonably* substantiated, lends its powerful assistance to confirm the opinion respecting the prime antiquity of our

our native tongue, and I cannot conclude without indulging the irresistible impulse I feel to acknowledge, that I have no more doubt than I have with respect to *any thing yet stated*, that it will ultimately prove to be the *universal language*.

MS. THE SECOND.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER,

BEING

RULES FOR PUNNING,

OR, PUNS FOR ALL PERSONS AND SEASONS.

A FRAGMENT.

"Comitantibus armis,
PUN*ica* se---attollet *gloria*." *Virg. Æn.* iv.

PREFATORY remarks on the art of punning—its antiquity from Homer's *outis*, through Sophocles, Cicero, &c. down to Shakspeare, &c. Its advantages over wit. Wit requires wit in the hearer to comprehend it—a lasting and insuperable objection to its universality. Puns, on the contrary, require no wit to make them. nor any to understand them. Prove this by their well known effect on stupidity in drawing-rooms, theatres, &c. An act to abolish punning, would be the destruction of three quarters of what are called the *wits* of our times, and fifteen-sixteenths of the dramatic writers.

Under these circumstances of fashion and prevalence, a man might as well go into a gambling house without knowing how to play, as into company without knowing how to make himself agreeable by punning. Rules are necessary for the acquisition of every art. Let what Ovid desired to have said of him, in respect to love, be said of me, with regard to punning—"*Magister erat.*"

In the *rules* divide thus—puns for every day, in one week, in winter, spring, summer, and autumn. Puns, in these different seasons, for men, and puns for women, varied according to the class of life, and the rank held in the particular establishment, &c. &c.

MAS. ER

MASTER OF A FAMILY.

First day—Sketch to be filled up.

Sunday.—This is a day of rest for all things but women's tongues and puns—they have none. You go to church, of course, to set a good example to your family, but let *them* attend to the Parson, you may be preparing puns against dinner-time, when you expect a party.

The man of the house is nothing without his wife. It is becoming that she should assist you—she is your *help-mate.* Connive together, and let her put *leading questions.* Half an hour before dinner—company come. All very stupid as usual. Mrs.——observes, that she fears that the dinner will be rather late, as she was obliged to take *Adam,* the footman, to the park, on account of the children. The husband immediately remarks, that Adam may be *the first* of men, but he is *a damn* slow fellow.

Mrs. ——. My dear *Tom* you deserve a *Cane* for that.

Mr. ——. Ay, if you were *Able* to give it to me, who am a *host* to day. Perhaps you were on the *Eve* of saying this; well there's as much chance in these things as in a *Pair-o'-dice.*

(A general laugh.)

Here you are at the end of this excellent subject. I don't know that any thing more can be made of it.

N. B. Hire no man unless his name is *Adam,* or he will suffer you to call him so.

Let your children enter. Miss Lucy, George, and Theodore, all punsters, but this day is devoted to the father. Call your daughter, *Lucy,* because, if you are a *profound* scholar, you can frequently bring in "*luce* clarior." Your other girl, *Sally,* ran away with an apothecary. Mrs.—— will say this, and you'll exclaim, "Ah, SAL *volatile!*"

Invite a poor French priest,* to your table at these times. He

* The word *Emigré,* which appears in this article as before printed, would at once destroy the *unquestionable* right Swift has to the honour of this MS, for *Emigré* did not obtain in our language till long after his death.

He is always to ask, when your children appear, "*Est ce qu'ils sont tous par la meme mere?*"

When you are to reply—Yes, I believe they are all by the same *mare*, but I wont answer for the horse. *

This is not very complimentary to your wife; but it would be a pretty joke indeed if a good pun was to be lost for such a trifling consideration.

If you consult decency too much, there's an end of wit. He, who digs for diamonds, must not be over squeamish about dirt. Here Mrs. —— may say, My dear *Tom*, I wish the man would bring up the dinner.

Mr. ——. *Bring up* the dinner, my love? Heaven forbid! As Dido says, that's "*sic sic*," so so.†

You must not be too nice, as I observed before.

(Mrs.——rings the bell.)

Enter Servant.

Mrs. ——. Is dinner ready?

Mr.——.*(Looking round.)*—The *chops* are I'm sure.

Adam. It is dishing now, ma'am.

(A crash heard as if an accident.)

Mr. —— *Dishing* indeed—I fear its *dished.*

Dinner—all seated.

Mrs.——. Will any body take soup?

Mr. ——. What, before grace, you *grace*less rogues. There's no parson here I see, though we are not without some of *the cloth.* Well, I'll say it—grace at dinner is *meet.*

[An universal laugh. The sight of dinner is a breeder of good-humour.]

Take care to have the salt-cellars put on the table empty.

Mr.——. Why what the devil's this—no salt!

Mrs. ——. (As planned.)—You have *salt* enough, I'm sure, my dear.

Mr. ——. "Ego *pun*ior ipse" Ovid. Very well, very well! my wife is not a*miss:* but the salt, Adam.

Adam. Sir, the house-keeper's gone out, and I don't know where to get any.

* This has been given to Foote; but dates decide.
† Æn. iv, 660.

Mr. —— Why an't here four *salt* SELLERS?

[The Frenchman does not understand this, but he is to laugh heartily nevertheless.]

Mrs. —— Here, Adam; take this key, and you'll find some in the store-room, at the top of the house.

Mr. —— *Attic salt*, eh! ha, ha, ha! Well, come let's fall to; this meat will *keep* no longer without salt.

Mrs. —— My dear *Tom*, that rich dish will only give you the gout.

Mr. —— Pooh! "Chacun a son *gout*." Why should not I eat it, as well as another?

Mrs. —— Bless me, how you mangle that duck.

Mr. —— *Mangle* it, my love. Well, I think that's better than to to *wash and iron* it; but tell me how you'll have it done, and you shall find me *duc*tile.

[Many opportunities will offer of making *obscene puns*, but I give no rules for these; they come naturally to every punster! All I shall say, is, that they must *never* be neglected.]

Let your cook be famous for pancakes. One of your little boys must enquire for some.

Mr. ——. My dear, this is Sunday; you know we can't have pancakes till *Fri*-day.

[Many more puns must be introduced. *Champaign, real pain; after all* cheese is best, &c.

The company will, probably, add some, and you may, also, by accident; however, you'll have this advantage over your friends, that, you'll be certain of all these while you're with your wife, and at home. Your acquaintance, of course, have *names*, and if they have no other merit, it's very hard if you can't make something of them in the pun way. Any block-head can do that.

DESERT.

Mr. ——. "Give every man his *deserts*." Shakspeare.

Mrs. ——. My love, shall I send you a peach?

Mr. ——. Yes, and if it isn't a good one, I'll im*peach* your judgment.

By connivance with the Frenchman, he must offer you a pinch of Maccuba snuff, saying he's sorry it is not better, but

his Tonquin bean has lost its flavour. You then reply—Ay, I see it's one of the *has*-BEENS.

Mrs. ——. Oh! that's too bad.

Mr. ——. Why, it's wit at a *pinch*, at any rate, therefore it need not *make you baw—l*, as if I had got into the wrong *box*.—*(Turning to the boys.)*—What's Latin for goose, eh!

Boys. Brandy, papa!

Mrs. ——. You'll kill yourself with that vile liquor.

Mr. ——. How can that be—Isn't it eau de *vie?*

Mrs. ——, at some time, must call for the nutmeg grater.—You take it, and address your neighbour: Sir, you are a great man, but here is a *grater*.

The sweetmeats will be praised of course.

Mr. ——. All my wife's doing. Nancy's a notable woman, I assure you; but I'm more *not able* than she is, an't I, my dear?

Ladies all rise.

Mrs. ——. *(Blushing.)*—I can take a hint. My dear, pray touch the bell.

Mr. ——. *(Chucking a young lady under the chin.)*—Yes, my love, I'll touch the *belle*.

Mrs. ——. *(Going.)*—You wag!

Mr. ——. No, I think you *wag*, but—*(bowing)*—I *bow* to you.

The ladies gone, the gentlemen need no instructions. They will all have recourse to their *mother tongue*, and the most ignorant will shine the most. The master must begin with half a dozen obscene puns, to make himself agreeable, and the conversation general. *

THE

* Here I have run my pencil through several puns on the ladies' retiring. Though he says it is unnecessary, *Swift* could not help indulging the natural bent of his genius, which is a strong proof of the authenticity of the MS. An additional evidence appears in a query in a memorandum made on the margin of this MS. for the puns for a *farmer*. Some one, who has rye-fields, is to write to him—Pray send *me men to mow rye?* and he is to return a skull. *Memento mori*—Don't you see? But query—will *mowing* rye do for any but *our Irish farmers?*

Mr. ——. *(Entering after all the rest.)*—Ah! Mrs. ——, what I see you are *at home* to a T to night.

Boys. Pa, we have had no tea.

Mr. ——. "Sine *te* juventas." That's wrong. It is *right* that you should not be *left* out.

Mrs. —— purposely sends a dish of tea to a lady, without sugar, of which she complains.

Mr. ——. *(Handing the sugar basin.)*—Well, ma'am, if you do not like it, you may *lump* it.

[Miss Lucy plays on the piano forte, but is to fail in her first attempt.]

Mrs. ——. *(As planned.)*—That comes of playing at sight.

Mr. ——. At *sight!* Why what the deuce would come if she was to shut her eyes?

If any thing like serious or sensible conversation should be introduced, and there's no knowing what some dull fellow may not do, put an end to it at once, with a pun. If he talk of war, suppose he means the *Pun*-ic war, and say that in your battles you are with Livy—"*Pun*ctim magis quam cœsim peto hostem." If he speak of the army, look archly at your wife, and say you expect soon to have a son *in arms*, &c. Should he mention the Prince of Wales, enquire, which is greater, the DOLPHIN *of France* or the *Prince of* WALES? solving the question immediately with Juvenal's

"*Delphinis Balæna Britannica* major."

Than DOLPHINS greater is the BRITISH WHALE.

Now something about going into *Bed*fordshire, and the land of *Nod* will wind up what is commonly called a very pleasant day, full of wit, humour, and repartee. I must not forget to observe, that, if you can add any *practical jokes*, which lead to puns, and fall *at all short* of murder, the treat will be improved.

Viz. Pinch a piece out of a man's arm, to say you did not know there was any *harm*. Break his shin—that's *leg*-al. Pull away his chair* when he is sitting down—you've *good ground*

* *Memorandum.* This joke is recommended, by the *surgeons*, for all seasons, but, in my *system*, better arranged, it will be pro-

ground for it. Run your head against his—*two heads* are better than one. Overturn the milk jug on him—then he's in the *milky way*. So with the urn—then he's in *hot water*. When he hops about, say he seems in a *lame*-ntable way. Let the boys knock the candle into some lady's lap—this you may call a *wick*-ed thing, &c. &c. Intersperse these, with other such amiable pleasantries as these, and all the fools, (a commanding *majority*, in every *assembly*, in the country) will shout for joy, extol your wit, and applaud your ingenuity.

MS. THE THIRD.

DIRECTIONS TO PLAYERS.

Histrionale studium. Tacit. Annal. Lib. 1.

Being a player, it is possible that you may have dipped into Shakspeare, but it is by no means certain, for I know there are many who have played in his plays, and supplied this defect by the force of their own genius—a practice much to be commended. However, if you have been taking this unnecessary trouble, you have, perhaps, at some time, stumbled on Hamlet's *instructions to the players?* Now, if you have been idle enough to learn any thing from them, I shall have some difficulty with you, for you must un-learn it all. Granting that *experience* makes *fools* wise, you must allow nothing can be more vain, ridiculous, and unavailing, than these instructions. In the first place, who gives them? In reality *Shakspeare*—one who was confessedly a "*poor player*," and who was so, in all probability, from following his own prescriptions, as every apothecary would be sick, if he were to take his own physic. Is it reasonable that we should go to a lame man to teach us how to run? The idea is absurd "*Pray you*

per to distinguish. In the *winter*, when the carpet's down, you are glad to bring that affair on the *tapis*. In the *spring*, the *earth* begins to *bear* every thing. In the *summer*, it's "summum jus," because it's *summa* injuria," and the carpet being up, you give him *board* with *a deal* of pleasure, that's *plain:* and in the *autumn*, you allude to the *fall*. Besides, what does he do in a chair?—*all flesh is grass—hay!*

you avoid it." Let us now try some of his rules, by what we know from experience, which is the best wisdom and the truest test.

Is it not the prime object of an actor to excite applause!—Surely. Then is he to be told *not* to "*mouth*" or "*bellow*" a speech, when you know, gentlemen, how much applause you have secured by these means?

"*Suit the action to the word.*"—This would evidently lead to so many indecencies, that nothing can be more reprehensible.—Do no such thing.

"*The word to the action.*"—This, if rightly interpreted, is good. Put in any *words* you please according to *your action*; which, if you would not be thought a *mannerist*, must every night vary from the intention of the author.

The very consequence of some of his other rules, proves their unprofitableness, for is not the reward to please the *judicious*, rather than to make the *unskilful laugh*? Starving work, my masters! Count their numbers, and see which will turn out best. So a player is rather to please one sullen, gloomy fellow in a corner, than to set the whole theatre in a roar?—Preposterous! "The authority won with many, doth countervail the disdain of a few." Remember that this was said by my Lord Bacon, and he was a wise man.

Shakspeare also objects to those who have "*neither the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man.*"—What is there no merit in *originality*? I suppose *novelty* is nothing?

The last of these notable histrionic maxims, that I shall condescend to notice, is—but hear it.

"*Let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them.*" Farewel then, a long farewel to all the honour of comedy, and the genius of the comedian! The galleries shall laugh no more, the player shall be nailed to the dulness of the author, and the author himself be inevitably damned! If this is to be the case, even let *nature's journeymen* make actors, and of wood too, for they will answer all the purpose. I beseech *you* to have no such stuff in your thoughts—If you have, "*O reform it altogether.*"

Having

Having cleared away these briars and bushes, which obstructed the road to your preferment, I proceed to indicate the surest method of obtaining the *summum bonum* of acting—Notice and applause.

CANONS.

1. There is no necessity to subject yourself to the slavery of studying your part:—*what's* the use of the prompter? Besides, it's ten to one, that in a modern play, you substitute something from your own mother wit much better than the author wrote. If you are entirely at a loss and out, you will get *noticed* both by the audience and the critic, which would otherwise, perhaps, have never been the case. As to the feelings of the poet, did he shew any for you, when he put you in the part? And as he is paid for his play by your master, why mayn't you do what you like with it?

2. Another excellent mode of acquiring *notice*, is never to be ready to go on the stage, and to have apologies made for you as often as possible.

3. Never attend to another actor in the same scene with you. You may be much better employed in arranging your dress, or in winking and nodding at your friends in the boxes. You must always keep your eye on your *benefit*.

4. As you take no notice of him, it is very likely he'll take none of you: therefore you may as well, out of respect to the understanding of the audience, and much better to shew yourself, address all your speeches to the pit, looking them full in the face, and making some quite uneasy in their seats, lest you should expect an answer. This will render you an *interesting* performer; and you will find *judicious* persons saying "Lord, I do like Mr. ——. you hear every word he says."

5. If you have any witticism, or good saying to deliver *aside*, bawl it out as loud as you can. How are they to laugh and applaud at the back of the one shilling gallery, if they don't hear what you say? If you have no lungs, give up the profession. This is a delicate point however, and must be managed with judgment, for it must be owned that speaking in a whisper has its merit—it excites curiosity, and makes the audience very attentive to you. All, I would have you observe, is always

always to be in one extreme or the other, for recollect the curse on mediocrity,

Non *Homines*, non *Dii*, non concessere *Columnæ*.

Nor *men* (in the pit,) nor *Gods* (in the gallery,) nor *columns* (of newspapers) have ever endured, much less praised, such acting. *

6. Never part with your hat: what are you to do with your fingers?

7. After you've very indifferently sung a very indifferent song, do not quit the side scenes; but if, amidst a hundred hisses, you hear a little boy in the gallery cry *encore*, come on and sing it again. That's the *sense* of the house. Nothing like respect.

8. If in a tragedy, your friend, the hero, is dying at the further end of the stage, let him die and be d——. You come forward, and look about you. Every man attend to his own business.

9. To dine out, when you are going to play, is thought wrong, but foolishly so, unless there is some other objection besides that of getting drunk. Recollect that you are in England. The audience is English, and the greater part will have a fellow-feeling for you. Some two or three sober blockheads may hiss, but you'll benefit by this, for it will bring down all your friends. When you *can't* speak, and they hiss, don't leave the stage, but *make a speech*. Press your hand to your heart, turn up your eyes, and give them to understand that it is grief, and not liquor, and you have them at once. If you feel hurt, (as you ought, and indignant too) at their disapprobation, when you quit the scene, drink more; you are with *my friend* † Pope:

"Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And *drinking largely sobers us again.*"

10. If you don't like a part, be sick—it will give you consequence!

11. In singing never mind the music—observe what time you please.

* The *Monthly Mirror* N. S. to its excellencies cannot add the merit of correctness in its surreptitious copy of this canon.

† Mark that. This fixes the date of the MS. *after* 1709.

please. It would be a pretty degradation indeed, if you were obliged to confine your genius to the dull regularity of a fiddler—"*horse hair and cat's guts*" *—no, let him keep your time and play your tune—Dodge him.

12. If you can force another actor to laugh, by making ugly faces at him—you'll get the character of being—*so droll!* The play may suffer by this—but *you* must look to your *reputation.*

13. Never say a good word of the manager. I can't well explain why, but mind I caution you not to do it! This is certain, that *he* will always be trying to thwart *your genius,* by putting you in parts, in which he thinks you will appear to most advantage. This is not to be borne without a murmur by anactor of any spirit.

14. When you are not in a good humour, walk through the character. If you always play well, there will be so much *sameness,* that they'll take no notice of you.

15. Ever avoid speaking favourably of any actor in your own line. Nothing is unhandsome that *seems* prudent!

16. Be sure not to read or inform yourself about any part except your own. It will only confuse you! To try to make your countenance expressive of your sentiments will have the same effect.—You can't *do two things at once.*

17. In an interesting scene blow your nose, and generally have a cough—it will excite pity, and, if it's the right kind of *pity,* you know "pity is akin to love."

18. Go to rehearsal very rarely. You are not a school-boy, nor are you to think yourself a parrot, that nothing but repetition will beat the words into your head. Assert the dignity of your character, and constantly rely on your own wit and ingenuity for a happy issue.

19. In a modern piece, when you are in haste, leave out what you like. If they discover it, they will have no reason to complain; but most probably commend your judgment.

20. Hug the side where the prompter sits.—It will shew your anxiety to be correct.

21. After you have *said your say,* drop your character directly.

* Cymbeline.

directly. You are only paid to play your own part, and not to assist another to play his. Never aid to set him off—it may make the scene better, but it will surely lead to comparisons to your disadvantage. Complain, if he serves you so.

22. Attitude is a great thing.—When you speak, always clap your left hand on your hip, making an angle with your elbow, and stretch out your right. Other positions are I know by some preferred, but take common sense with you, and is it not clear that what is most easily recognized, will be most approved? then what figure is known better than that of *a tea-pot?*

23. Coming on out of your turn is sure to attract *notice.*

24. When you have spoken your last speech, walk off instantly, and leave the other to do the same when he has done. Knowing that there was no more for *you* to say, will prove that you have read your part. It's a mere waste of time to stay.

25. In making love always whine. These are the tones that go to the heart.

26. Avoid forming any style of acting of your own.—In this imitate the dramatists, and copy one another. That, which has been tried, *must* be safest.

27. Never stir your left hand, unless according to rule 22.—It is unnecessary trouble, and you ought to be better taught than to let your right hand know what your left hand doth. *

28. Remember the Horatian maxim, *qualis ab incepto.*—Be always *Mr. Whatever's your name,* in every thing and throughout every part. Variety is destructive of consistency.

29. The less you enter into your part, the more command you'll have over yourself, and the beauty of your dress. Always wear the smartest cloaths you have; never mind the character. Why should you make yourself look ugly?

30. In the middle of a speech, if there's the least applause, stop, turn round, come forward, and bow. It's respectful. In general the plaudits will arise from the sentiment, and not at all from your acting.—Bow nevertheless.

I have

* Churchill *long afterwards* had this thought in the *Rosciad.*

I have now nothing further to add but this—Give way to envy and jealousy, and make yourself as miserable as you can at home. It will save your gaiety and spirits, and you'll have the more to waste in the green-room, and at public dinners, as well as to expend on the stage, in the performance of these essential rules.

ESSAY

IN DEFENCE OF THE UNSTUDIED GRACES AND SIMPLICITY OF ANCIENT SPELLING.

Some of my friends accidentally picked up the subsequent epistle from one Molly Ritson, a cook in the country, to Caleb Jones, a footman of the same family in town, and were the other day, laughing heartily at the spelling, when I, who like, Pope's heroes, have taken a desperate plunge, and sunk very deep into the mud of black letter, reproved their mirth, and undertook to shew that there was authority for every word. This I have done, and I hope it will tend greatly to the encouragement of all unlettered geniusses, who may hereby learn that their little acquaintance with Dilworth and Lilly can act as no bar to their proceeding in a right line to the loftiest heights of Parnassus.

LETTER.

Barkshir[1], *the* [2]*leventh, of Aberel*[3]

DERE[4] CALEB.

i5 am not hable[6] to bear your dysceyt[7]—Why dyd not you speak

1 Leland's Itinerary.
2 Douglas's Æneis, 1553.
3 In *Aberel* the thyrdde thay. Sir Otuel, MS.
4 Myne own *dere* Lord. A rufull lament. By T. More, 1492.
5 Ritson passim. *
6 An Englishman is not *hable* to invent. Ascham's Schole-master, 1563.
7 Booke of Fortune, by T. More, 1557.

* One of Mr. R's admirers, (*rara avis,*) speaking of his compilations, said—"R. is indeed a clever little fellow, but d—n his i's."

speak your mening opinly[1] before? Mi[2] mynde[3] misgave me when i red[4] your letter, but I litill[5] thought you would go for to telle[6] me that you think Betty has more beuty[7] than i—It greves[8] mi sowle,[9] Caleb, to hear that you have becum[10] so hard harted[11] as to like hir[12] face, and slight myne,[13] after you know what—Thank the most highest[14] that no frute apperes[15] of our love, if hit[16] dyd, a pretty plite[17] i should be in al[18] along of you—We must have perischid[19]—Hevene[20] knows how i suffrid[21] when i red that you chusde[22] hir before your owne dere Molly—i thought i should have run vild[23] and dyde[24] i made the hole[25] hal[26] of the castill[27] ring agen[28]—i eat no vitailes

1 Know his *mening opinly*. Chaucer.
2 Elegy on Edward I. 1307.
3 It greved hath my *mynde*. A rufull lament.
4 I *red* how redy that he was. Gowor's Confess. Amant. 1390.
5. His studie was but *litill* in the Bible. Chaucer's Miller's Tale.
6 To make and forge it *for to telle*. Gower's Con. Am.
7 Her *beuty*. Chaucer.
8 See note 3, above
9 Pray for my *sowle*. Ruf. lament.
10 An old Butler *becum* a Cutler. A merry jest by Maister Thomas More, 1402.
11. True *hart*. Chaucer.
12 *hir* face. Chaucer's Rom. of the rose.
13 See note 4, p. 196.
14 Psalms of David.
15 No *frute apperes*. Chauc.
16 That *hit* be, &c. Elegy on Ed. I.
17 When Rome stoode in noble *plite*. Gower's Con. Am.
18 al i do. Castel of Love. MS. See Warton's Hist. Poet.
19 Like to have *perischid*. Leland's New Year's Gift, 37th Hen. viii.
20 The torettes of *Hevene*. The pricke of conscience, 1349.
21 *Suffrid* cold ful stronge. Chaucer's Rom. of rose.
22 I *chusde* myselfe a wife. Jacke Drum's Entertainment, 1601.
23 Unhallowed strings that *vildly* jar'd. Musophilus of Daniel, 1594.
24 Before that Merlin *dyde*. Spenser's F. Q. B. 3.
25 Letters for *hole* wordes. Leland's Itin.
26 In a Lordis *hal*. Chaucer's Prol.
27 Sometimes a *Castill*. Id. Squier's Tale.
28 Twill all be well *agen*. Time's Whirligig, 1647. By Willis.

1. *vitailes*

vitailes[1] though we have a lode,[2] and never drink no wyne[3] tho' Mister John, the Steward, always sends me a glass aftir suppir.[4] We have had some festis[5] of late as you must have herde,[6] but thei are clene[7] nought to me since I have lost the rihte waye to that blis[8] which I always enjoyed at this seson of the yere[9] with mi Caleb— i take no joye[10] in any thing now—the birds even sings[11] amis[12], and trewly[13] tother day i semid[14] so much like a ded[15] body that Farmer Giles laid holt[16] of me and axed[17] me whether I wasnt a Gost[17]—indeed Caleb you are the most dayntyist[18] man I ever herde of—Drat that Betty—let hir take care of hir eyes that's al—i'l make eche[19] of them as blak[20] as a Cole,[20] you shal[21] se[22] els.[23] Why dont shee[24] marry Master's Varlet,[25] that Italianiated[29] Rascal? he's cumly[27] eno' for sutch[28] as shee. We talk much heere

1 *Vitailes* of the best. Chauc. Prol.
2 Is not of them, but rather is their *lode*. Musoph. Daniel, 1594.
3 *Never* drank *no wyne*. Richard Cuer de Lion.
4 *Aftir suppir* goth this nobil king.
5 6 For oft at *Festis*, I have herde saie. Chauc.
7 *Clene*. Funerallis of Ed. the Syxt, 1560.
8 The *rihte waye* to that *blis*. The pricke of Conscience.
9 *Seson* of the *yere*. Chaucer.
10 To se that lampe of *joye*. In Wart.
11 *Serpents* never *hisses*. Venus and Adon. of Shaksp.
12 Have me excused if I speke *amis*. Chauc. Squire's Prol.
13 *Trewly* to tell. Minot's Poem on the Wars of Ed. III. 1352.
14 It *semid* all the rockis were away. Chauc.
15 If it were *ded*. Chauc.
16 Death came rushing in—and on him *laid holt*. Davison's Poem's, 1621.
17 Chaucer.
18 *Most dayntyist*. Chauc. January and May.
19 In *eche* of her two cristal eyes. Chauc.
20 *Coleblak* silk. Chauc. Miller's Tale.
21 George Gascoigne's Posies, 1575.
22 See note 10.
23 *els*. Chauc.
24 Such power *shee* hath. The complaint of Rosamond, by Sam Daniel, 1594.
25 *Varlettes* for Valets. Froissart Trans. 1523.
26 Men *Italianated*. Ascham.
27 Many a *cumly* knight. Minot.
28 Specially *sutch*. Paynter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566.

1 *Heere*

heere[1] of Master—thei[2] tel[3] me es cumen[4] down into the Cuntree[5] along with his son, his aire thei cal[6] him. Then i shal se you, and I dare to say we shal be as thik[7] agen and as hapy[8] as ever we've bin.[9]

Adew Swete hart[10]

MOLLY RITSON.

P. S. If you don't come bi[11] Coach but on the hors[12] you'll se me on the Rode.[13]

1 *Heere's* my agent readie. The miseries of inforst Mariage. G. Wilkins, 1611.
2 *Thei* spake. Chauc.
3 Ritson.
4 *es cumen.* Minot.
5 The right *Aire* of that *Cuntree.* Id.
6 Ritson.
7 Were it as *thik* as is a branchid oak. Chauc.
8 Ritson Met. rom.
9 I had *bin* exercised to the tongues. Milton's Prose tract. 1644.
10 *Adew swete harte.* Rufull lament.
11 Also *bi* night. Gower.
12 The *hors* anow, &c. Chauc. S ɻ. tale.
13 Spencer.

TRIAL

Harding and Wright, Printers, St. John's Square.

LIBEL.

SIR JOHN CARR

AGAINST

HOOD AND SHARPE.

LIBEL.

SIR JOHN CARR

AGAINST

HOOD AND SHARPE.

REPORT

OF THE ABOVE CASE,

TRIED AT THE SITTING AFTER TRINITY TERM, BEFORE

LORD ELLENBOROUGH,

AND A SPECIAL JURY,

On Monday, the 25th July, 1808.

TAKEN IN SHORT HAND BY THOMAS JENKINS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SEVERAL LETTERS ON THE SUBJECT,

WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF MOUNTNORRIS, SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, AND THE AUTHOR OF "MY POCKET BOOK."

LONDON:

Printed by W. Wilson, St. John's Square,

FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE, 31, POULTRY; AND TO BE HAD OF EVERY BOOKSELLER IN THE KINGDOM.

1808.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, established by the Verdict in the following Trial, makes every thing relating to it worthy of record.

Another REPORT of this Case has been published, which being neither so correctly printed, nor so full with respect to the Letters that appeared subsequently in various papers, from the EARL OF MOUNTNORRIS, SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, and the AUTHOR of "MY POCKET-BOOK," it was thought proper to furnish the Public with what is here presented to them, for their better information.

In the Publication alluded to, are numerous typographical errors, a false date to the Trial, and some omissions, particularly the replies made to the Earl of Mountnorris, and Sir Richard Phillips, by the Author of "*My Pocket-Book.*" In the present work there is only one omission, and that is a *note*, which has by some strange *accident*, crept into page 54 of the *Report* printed by Mr. GILLET, Printer to the

RICHARD PHILLIPS. Its object is to attack with vulgar obloquy the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for his ingenious Remarks on the Evidence, and to panegyrize, in the most fulsome manner, the life and behaviour of Sir Richard Phillips.—The former was deemed wholly unjust to the honourable character of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the latter was suppressed out of delicacy to Sir Richard Phillips, who is said, in *his memoir*, p. 5, to be known *to nauseate an adulatory dish.*

LIST OF THE JURY.

CARR, Knt. against HOOD and Another.

SPECIAL JURY.

JAMES GIBSON, of Great St. Helens, *Foreman.*
THOMAS BRITTEN, Suffolk-lane.
JOHN SAUNDERSON, Broad-street Buildings.
HENRY WARD, Bread-street.
ROBERT TAYLOR, Crutched Friars.
JOHN NIXON, Basinghall-street.
JOSEPH MINNET, Lawrence Pountney-lane.

Merchants.

FROM THE TRAVERSE JURY.

JOHN PURVIS, Bishopsgate-street Without.
JOSEPH IRONS, same.
JOHN BIRCHENOUGH, Coleman-street Ward.
ROBERT MACGLEW, same.
MORGAN JAMES, same.

TRIAL

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN CARR, PLAINTIFF,

AND

THOMAS HOOD AND CHARLES SHARPE, DEFENDANTS;

FOR A LIBEL.

MR. DAMPIER opened the pleadings.

Mr. GARROW: *May it please your Lordship.* Gentlemen of the Jury.—This Action is brought by Sir John Carr, a Gentleman of liberal education and respectable connections; against the Defendants, very opulent booksellers, and carrying on great trade in this metropolis. The complaint which Sir John Carr has against these Gentlemen is, that he, having published several works giving an account of his tours through different parts, and being about to publish another work of the same nature; they, for the purpose of ridiculing his works, which have been hitherto well received by the public, published a book, the which if it be not reprobated, by your verdict this day, will have the effect of ruining him as an author; for he certainly cannot, if this book of the Defendants be received as genuine criticism, publish any thing to his advantage—indeed in that case, he will never be able to publish any thing hereafter without a loss. The obvious aim of the publishers of the book, of which I complain, is to destroy Sir John Carr utterly, as an author, so that nothing hereafter that may be ushered into the world with his name to it, should be favourably received.

Gentlemen.—For a very considerable time, it has been, as you well know, the fashion, whenever a book is introduced into the world, for persons to give to the world, on the first day of every month, their sentiments on the merits and demerits of such a book; these Gentlemen are called Reviewers. They have great advantages over those whose works they criticise, for they have an opportunity of attacking a person who is well known, while themselves remain unknown; the consequence is, that whenever their criticism shall be discovered to be absurd, which it may sometimes be, they have no individual disgrace to encounter, they appear in public as if they had never done any thing that is foolish. Not so the author, if he should happen to be successfully ridiculed; for he is known and may be pointed at as he walks. Such are the advantages of an anonymous critic over a known

author. But as far as regards fair, honourable, or candid criticism of this work, Sir John Carr has no fault to find with it. He knows full well, that when any literary work makes its appearance, it is proper that observations should be made upon it. He has no wish to prevent them; and he feels no interest in so doing; and as men will differ very much in their opinions, (and necessarily must from their difference of capacity,) upon almost all subjects, certainly not less on taste than on any other; he will not quarrel with any other person for not viewing his production with the partiality and affection of a parent; but what he complains of, and what I say he has a right to complain of before you is, that under the mask of criticism, his character, as an author, has been attacked with a view to ruin it. I am not complaining of any detached paragraph in a review; but I am complaining of a book published by these Defendants, not for the purpose of fairly criticising his work, but for the purpose—the malicious purpose, of ruining him as an author; by turning every thing he has written into immoderate ridicule. The object is to ruin Sir John Carr in the opinion of the public, as an author. I will prove this to be the intention of these Defendants; for I have a copy of the third edition of their book, published this very day—and that they have declared such to be their intention, and that since this action was commenced, that is since, by the service of the process of this court, they had notice they should be called to account in a court of justice for their misconduct. I will prove to you that they said, "that Sir John Carr was ill advised to bring this action: that he will be found out and exposed by it—that they wondered he had been foolish enough to appeal to a jury in Guildhall: that it would only make him the more ridiculous: that they had a rod in pickle for him: that they would do for him." Not as a private man, because Sir John Carr is invulnerable in that respect; but because these Defendants were disposed to intercede between him and the public, by exhibiting to them, these ridiculous scenes. He had appeared before the public in the character of a respectable author. "They would take care he should never appear in that character again."

Gentlemen.—On the 14th of March 1808, there appeared a book called "My Pocket Book, with plates," with an introduction; illustrative anecdotes from my "Tour through Holland," in 1806; an appendix containing three MSS. found in St. Patrick's abbey; and an Essay in Defence of bad Spelling. And on the 20th of July 1808, they published, what I call the 3d edition* of that book. Perhaps they will call it only a part of the 2d edition. These Gentlemen understand though I do not, the arcana of these matters. I have heard of the 14th edition of a book before twelve copies of the 1st were sold. The Defendants shall settle that matter for themselves, and I will lay the truth of it before you. What I maintain, and what I undertake to make out to your satis-

* This is a mistake, it was only the 2d edition.

faction, is, that the object of the author of this book, called "My Pocket Book," and the object of the Defendants in publishing it was, and is, immoderately to ridicule, and to bring into contempt, and thereby to ruin the reputation of Sir John Carr, as an author, so that he may have no chance of publishing any work in future with success.

My objection to this work is, that it does not give a true narrative of the work, which it professes to review; nor even reasons upon its imperfections, but contains only ridiculous observations from the beginning to the end. The object is to treat the work as mere rubbish. A work, give me leave to say, however, Gentlemen, which has been gotten up at considerable expence, to be presented to the public, and which has, hitherto, been favourably received by the public. I shall desire your particular attention to the frontispiece of this book called "My Pocket Book," which must have been also got up at considerable expence, for it is somewhat elaborate. I shall take the liberty of handing over to you one of these books of the Defendants, while I shall endeavour to explain to you, briefly, some of the particulars of this frontispiece; and which I shall do by reading to you, from the record, those parts of which we chiefly complain—and by which I say, the object of the Defendants, in publishing this book, is most manifestly malignant towards Sir John Carr, for that it is an endeavour to hold him up as an object of contempt and ridicule. The frontispiece will be best explained to you, by the words which you will find in page 29—Sir John Carr is represented as a Knight Errant leaving Ireland with regret. He is introduced into this plate called the frontispiece. Behind him you have a crowd of Irish humourists preceded by an huge athletic porter, with a load upon his shoulders, and bending under its extreme weight, that load consisting of the books of Sir John Carr, lettered on the back of the binding.—One—"Baltic."—Another "Stranger in France."—A third—"Northern Summer"—This to convey an idea that the works of Sir John Carr are dull and heavy—and lest that should not be ridiculous enough, there is, in the left hand of the porter, an handkerchief tied up at the corners, and on it is written, "Wardrobe," by which we are to understand, that Sir John Carr's property is light, although his works are heavy. The title, which is given at the bottom of the frontispiece, is "The Knight leaving Ireland with Regret"—and then, to conduct us to an explanation of the plate, the author, in a parenthesis, is so good as to say—see plates described. Now, Gentlemen, this plate is described, as I before hinted, in page 29—of what the author calls "his Prefatory Postscript"—or, Introduction. The words are these, FRONTISPIECE; in large letters in the middle of the page, to strike the eye. Now you shall see what you shall see, you here behold the Knight ERRANT LEAVING Ireland "with Regret" in italics, by way of emphasis, to assist the ridicule. Behind him, you have a crowd of *wits*, and *humourists*. The word "*Wits*," and the word "*Humourists*," again in italics, to assist the ridicule.—"Setting up an Irish howl." The athletic porter,

who follows him, " is bent by the weight of his works, and wardrobe."—The word " Weight" being confined to the works by the assistance of italics.—" The latter in a pocket handkerchief." —An unworthy sneer at the supposed slenderness of Sir John Carr's property. " The Knight himself is, according to the simile of the bee;" then we have a reference to page 203.— " loaded with the collected sweets of travelling—Joe Miller, &c. —The scene is Dublin.—The long coach (see page 19,) waits to take him to the packet. For a description of the roof, the cock, and the cook-maid, (see page 58) and with respect to the *pig*, (see page 152) A little wit." Here again we have the aid of italics on the word " Wit."—" A little wit lights him to the carriage. (see page 130) In the distance on the left is a jaunting car"—a paltry and contemptible pun upon the name of Sir John Carr. " On the right Sugar Loaf Mountains. On all important occasions, the death of Cæsar," with an asterisk referring to Plutarch's Cæsar.—" A blazing Comet." And then are quoted the lines of Pope:—

> " But trust the muse.—She saw it upward rise,
> Tho' mark'd by none, but quick, poetic eyes,
> A sudden star is shot thro' liquid air,
> And drew behind a radient trail of hair."

" ERRATIC STRANGER"—then by an asterisk, we are led to another note.—See Pye's Sublime Ode for the present year 1808, stanza I.—Comets are not perfectly understood, and I am led to guess, that from this title given to them, by so great a poet, they may be nothing more than *travellers*, like myself, or as I may say, " *Strangers in Heaven*,"—" Now," he says, " You behold a Cloud—'tis Shakespear's, and very like a Whale."—The *Moon*, my favourite Star, (page 160) smiles benignly upon my labours." —Here again, we have an imputation of lunacy.—The moon, my favourite Star, smiles, benignly upon my labours; and three wild Irish (see page 21) are, for this night only, seen flying in compliment to me.

Plate II. (Page 26.)

" A *noddy*, (see page 26) some idea is here afforded of this equipage; but minute correctness with regard to *heads and tails*, has been avoided for the sake of decency. For that rich bit on the left, as we artists call it." (See page 29.)

Plate III. (Page 82.)

See page 82, 3.—" In the distance, you behold horses ploughing by the tail. (See page 128.) Notwithstanding the civil, social, and intelligent looks of my admirer, some people might have been alarmed, but I felt confident in my weapon—a tooth-pick,"—and so on.

Now, Gentlemen, I have read to you those parts of this publication of these Defendants, of which we complain chiefly. I

take the rule which governs cases of this nature to be this; and I take the subject to be quite clear. I shall give it to you, not from any consideration of mine, or language of mine; but from that of my Lord, who has had occasion to lay down very lately, and that not only from authority, but from the reason of the thing—that if the thing published by way of stricture, be fair, I say fair, just criticism, although you, or I may differ from the critic; it is not the subject of an action in a court of justice. But if malicious, or an attack on the moral character of an individual; he is intitled to call on a court of justice, to protect his character, and that an author is as much intitled to that protection as any other man. Why then, the question is, whether this is a fair criticism, or a malicious representation of the works of Sir John Carr, with a view to depreciate his character.

On the subject of damages I have no difficulty in saying to you, Gentlemen, that I am not very anxious—it can never be necessary to say much to a jury of merchants in Guild-hall, on that subject upon a question which refers to the value of character; and money, after all, must fall short of what one would wish, under the circumstances of a case like this: damages however, are all that you can give. As to special damages, I would observe, as my learned friend, the Attorney-General, did observe on another, and but recent occasion, in this place, they are, in their nature, incapable of proof, up to their whole extent, for no one can know every individual who may have been influenced by such a publication as this. Special damages may be proved up to a given extent, because a given individual may prove the effect it has had upon himself, and induced him to decline treating with the Plaintiff on account of it;—but who else, or how many persons may have been influenced in the same way, it is impossible to prove, and therefore it may be truly said, that no man can prove, to its full extent, the special damage he sustains by reason of an attack upon his character. But however, I shall, in this case, prove to you certain special damages sustained by Sir John Carr; who is a Gentleman, who has devoted his time to literary labours. He has published several works. He is not in the habit of publishing them on his own account, but has sold them to opulent booksellers, and they have hitherto been favourably received by the public. He has composed, and prepared for the press, a work, and he was in treaty with Sir Richard Phillips, who was minded to give to him, for the copy-right of that work, a certain sum of money, with certain contingent advantages on the 2d edition; but he has declined dealing with Sir John Carr for that copy-right, and he will tell you, that his express reason for so declining, was the industrious malignity of this publication of the Defendants; I mean the book called, "My Pocket Book,"—a book, which has been obtruded on the public, and exhibited conspicuously in every shop where it could meet reception, which includes a great majority of all the booksellers of this kingdom, who are not afraid of the consequences of an action—it has been most extensively

advertised; and there have been invitations to the trade, to take it in a manner which is hardly ever used in works of this nature. The nonsense of it is indeed, perhaps, some excuse for the industry, with which it has been attempted to be so much diffused, for without a good deal of exertion, one could hardly imagine that they would be able to get rid of it. There are here, some booksellers who will tell you, that, at all events, they would not introduce it to the public, until after this trial; for if they did, they might sustain a loss. Up to a given extent I told you, Gentlemen, I shall prove to you, actual damages; but I cannot tell you how many hundreds of the volumes of the works of Sir John Carr, might have been sold, if it had not been for the strictures of this book, called "My Pocket Book," the author of which, I presume, would have you regard him in the light of a reviewer. Nor is the evil, which Sir John Carr suffers, confined to the mere loss of the sale of his manuscript to Sir Richard Phillips *, a matter in itself of considerable importance, but the publication of this libel must, unless prevented by your verdict, be highly injurious to the sale of the other works of Sir John Carr—his "Tour in Ireland," and his "Tour round the Baltic;"—works which, give me leave to say, Gentlemen, have hitherto stood well in the estimation of persons who are eminent in society. But now Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, eminent booksellers, chuse to say, by this their publication, that all the works of Sir John Carr, are ridiculous, and, therefore, nobody who believes Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, will buy any more of them; the consequence of all this will be, unless you prevent it by your verdict, that the sale of the works of that Gentleman will be entirely stopped, and his future prospect put an end to. His fame will be gone. Gentlemen, I have hitherto said nothing of my Client, except that he is the author of some books; he is a Gentleman of a liberal education, and polished manners. He was intended for our profession, but he was advised to decline its labours, on account of the delicacy of his health, for the benefit of which he was advised to travel. In his travels, he has noticed what he saw, and he has favoured the public with the scenes which appeared to him to be most remarkable, in which his aim has been, to blend instruction with amusement. He does not dive into the depth of politics. He enters no list in controversy. Joins no party. Assists no faction, but he gives us the full benefit of his observations, upon the various scenes of life of which he has been a witness; he has laboured to describe them to his reader, and he has made his labour the subject of emolument to himself. Of honourable emolument, I say; for, that emolument is honourable, which is derived from the labour of a genius, which contributes, at once, to our instruction and amusement. Such labours are suitable to the taste of the public. The success of those labours has been interrupted. But you will do their author justice. I know what Sir John Carr has to contend with here. My learned friend, the Attorney-General, will

* Sir Richard gave his answer in January, and the second edition of *"My Pocket Book,"* with plates, was not published till the 24th Feb.

put in the works of Sir John Carr, from some parts of which, he will argue, that the works are ridiculous, and that the criticism upon them, is not unjust. I have not had an opportunity of reading those works—probably I may employ some part of my time, in the approaching long vacation, in looking at them. My learned friend may be furnished with some apology of this sort. Be it so. I apprehend that when he has offered you that apology, by shewing some passage in the works of Sir John Carr, which my learned friend can turn into ridicule. Who is it, that has published any work, which has not received the sanction of time, and silenced strictures; whose labours may not, in some respects be ridiculed, by the talents of a very ingenious man, using the licence which is allowable, and justly allowed to an advocate, making the best of his case for his Client in a court of justice?—There is hardly a man who ever spoke in public—except my learned friend; who, if an ingenious person were to mark every thing he said, might not be, for the moment, successfully ridiculed, for something which he uttered. But if my learned friend should say any thing in the course of the present sittings—I do not say that he will; and yet, before this cause is over, it is possible he may—say any thing which a man of his own genius, might turn into ridicule—should his Majesty's grave Attorney-General, fall into that situation, what should we say of the unmerciful critic who would expose the blemish, and omit all the beauties. For, if in the speech of my learned friend, a few blemishes might be discovered, yet the beauties would be innumerable. I think it is extremely possible, that up and down this work of Sir John Carr, there may be found some things which my learned friend may ridicule, taking them detachedly. (Here the Attorney-General interposed, observing, that Mr. Garrow was ridiculing him by anticipation.) My learned friend says, I am dealing with him ridiculously, by anticipation—that I am saying he is going to speak in a silly manner. That would be playing with edge tools, I shall not try it—I should have the worst of it—were I to impute folly to my learned friend, I should only expose my own. My case is, that Sir John Carr has been unfairly, unhandsomely, and unjustly treated, by these Defendants; that they have ridiculed him immoderately, and maliciously. That they have published a book, which was not for the purpose of giving to the world a fair, candid, manly opinion of his merits, or of his defects, whatever they may be; but that the whole aim of the Defendants, in the publication of this book, was to make Sir John Carr appear ridiculous to the world, and to ruin his reputation as an author, and a Gentleman, which, I say, nobody has a right to do, and for which he now appeals to you.

Mr. Hunt examined.

Q. Did you purchase this book at any time?—A. I did.

Q Of whom, and when?—A. Of Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, on the 14th of March, 1808. I inquired at the shop for the name

of the author, of the shopman, at the time of selling the book.

Mr. Attorney General.—" What the servant said, in the absence of the master, can hardly be evidence, my Lord: but I am not anxious about it.

Lord Ellenborough.—" I think the master must be presumed to authorize his shopman to represent him, in giving the character of the book, as well as in selling it.

Mr. Attorney General.—I have not the least objection to the evidence.

Mr. Hunt.—" I enquired at the shop, at the time of the sale of the book, for the name of the author, but the shopman would not tell me the name. At other times I have bought magazines for the months, the Monthly Mirror and two others, one for April, another for June, published at the same shop.

Mr. Attorney-General.—" There is no count in the declaration applicable to this evidence.

Mr. Garrow.—" I offer the evidence to shew the disposition of the mind of these Defendants towards this plaintiff.

Lord Ellenborough.—" This is not an indictment for slander, nor is malice the foundation of the action; for it is founded on the injury alledged to have been sustained by the Plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow.—" If a man slanders me in one publication, I may shew, by another, that he intended it.

Mr. Hunt.—" I bought this book this morning.

Mr. Garrow.—This is another copy of the same work; so that it appears these Defendants still persevere, in this publication, notwithstanding this action."

Mr. Attorney-General.—" I object to that evidence.

Mr. Garrow.—I submit to your Lordship, that what I now offer in proof, is evidence. These Defendants have published what I will now assume, for the sake of the argument, to be a libel on the Plaintiff. They have had notice, by our bringing this action, that it is a libel. In the case of Colonel Draper, your Lordship knows, an application was made to the court of King's Bench, for leave to file a criminal information; the court granted a rule to shew cause, and, pending that rule, he published the libel again, and that was held to be evidence of the malignity of the first publication, and the court made that rule absolute. This is evidence of a continuation of that malice, which has been, and still is, injurious to this Plaintiff; and, I say, ought to affect the damages in this case. That the master is bound by the servant's act in this case, I take to be clear. It shews, that whatever this injury is to this Plaintiff, these Defendants mean to continue it. They continue to sell this libel. They continue to make a profit of it, down to the very hour of trial.

Mr. Dampier.—This is evidence in *aggravation*, because, if the Defendants came to receive the judgment of the court for this publication; the stopping the publication would be evidence in

mitigation, and that, as it seems to me, is putting i test.

Mr. Attorney General.—That is doctrine applicable to but not to *civil* cases. My learned friend, Mr Dampier, c a distinction which nobody understands better than hims

Lord Ellenborough.—I do not see how we can take it as in aggravation.

Mr. Garrow.—The ground on which I offer it, is thi that these Defendants meant to publish to the world, a w object of which is, to render Sir John Carr ridiculous. I publication, of these Defendants, is false and scandalous. be doubted that I may prove, that the Defendants have c that publication, to shew the extent of the injury, and t of the offending party?

Lord Ellenborough.—" But we must allow a latitude to discussion of the merits and demerits of authors, and thei otherwise, we may *talk* indeed of the liberty of the pı there will be in reality an *end* of it."

Mr. Attorney General.—" I never heard that *Socrates* cor of the freedom of *Aristophanes.*

Mr. Garrow.—" Suppose I had a wen on my neck, or other deformity. Am I to be held up to ridicule, to gr malice of an individual, who chooses to be my enemy, an individual to continue to expose me, after notice given tc his misconduct? That notice is given to him by the serv process, which is the commencement of the action."

Mr. Attorney General.—The answer to all this is, that bring another action, if you are damnified, by any sul publication.

Lord Ellenborough.—" We must really not cramp obse upon authors and their works. They should be liabl posure; to criticism, and even to ridicule, if their works cu'ous; otherwise, the first who writes a book upon a will maintain a monopoly of sentiment and opinion up You must never shew the absurdity of it, although it be that is, you can never do it with effect. This would tend perpetuity of error. A bad book might appear, it would gate error, and so we should go on to the end of time. I body could conceive that an action is maintainable, for ing a work, exposing another work to ridicule, is to prising. Reflection upon personal character is another thi

Mr. Garrow.—" I am not contending that the Defenda not endeavour to shew, that the Plaintiff's book is a ri o e; but, they must not endeavour to destroy the Plaint gether, as an author.

Lord Ellenborough.—" I do not know that. Suppose a publishes a book containing sentiments that are injurious lic morals; of infinite mischief to the public taste; or bad of government; or any thing else that ought to be decr we not to be at liberty to expose that work; aye, and ex

author of it too, as far as he is connected with that work, and that, in the most pointed language of wit, humour, or ridicule; the more pointed and forcible, the better. He who does so, if the work be ridiculous, or a bad one, confers a favour on, by producing a benefit to, the public. That it destroys the reputation of an author, and puts an end to the circulation of his works, is nothing, if his works be worthless. *Mr. Locke* published an answer to *Sir Robert Filmer*; would any body give twopence, after that, for the works of Sir Robert Filmer? What then; was *Mr. Locke* to be made the subject of an action, for destroying the reputation of *Sir Robert Filmer*. Not at all. It was a reputation, that ought to have been destroyed, and was destroyed, for which the world has been greatly indebted to *Mr. Locke*. I really do not know where we are going to. To talk of the liberty of the press, if one man may not write freely, on the work of another, least he should destroy the reputation of that other, would be idle. Shew me an attack, on the *moral* character of this Plaintiff, or any attack on his character, unconnected with his books, and I shall be as ready as any man, who ever sat here, to protect him in that character, but I cannot hear of malice, on account of turning his works into ridicule."

Mr. Garrow.—They prevent the sale, of all the Plaintiff's works, by this immoderate ridicule of him, by wholesale, as an author.

Lord Ellenborough.—"They do so. They depreciate his character as an author, conceiving they have a right to do so."

Mr. Garrow.—Then let them shew that they have done it fairly.

Lord Ellenborough.—No, they need not. *You* must shew that they have done it unfairly.

Mr. Garrow—So I do, my Lord, by the exhibition of this frontispiece; which shews, that this book, is not a fair criticism, but a malignant slander.

Lord Ellenborough.—"Go on with your case."

Mr. Attorney-General.—"You must prove you published the four works which you have stated in the declaration."

Mr. Garrow.—"That we shall do immediately.

Mr. Johnson examined.

Mr Garrow.—Q. Will you be so good as to relate, what connection you have had with the Plaintiff in this cause? A. I was a bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard. I purchased "The Stranger in France" from Sir John Carr. I gave him one hundred pounds for it. It was printed in quarto.

Cross-examined by Mr. Attorney-General.

Q. That was in the year 1803, I believe? A. I think it was.

Q. It was printed off upon a hot press, bound in Morocco, and with gilt leaves, I see? A. Yes it was.

Q. Handsome mention made of it by the reviewers, I believe.

And this was the first of Sir John Carr's publications?—A. I believe so.

Sir Richard Phillips, Knt. examined by Mr. Dampier.

Q. Did you, Sir Richard Phillips, purchase of Sir John Carr, a book called, "The Northern Summer; or, a Tour round the Baltic?"—A. I did.

Q. And also a "Tour through Ireland, and another along the Rhine?"—A. I did.

Q. They are all in quarto, I believe?—A. They are.

Q. What was the purchase money for each?—A. The price of the first was fixed by Mr. Hayley, who introduced Sir John Carr to me.

Q. Will you state the sums which you paid for these books?—A. Four hundred pounds for "The Northern Summer; or, Tour round the Baltic," and in consequence of a small increase in the quantity, I added another 100l. of my own accord.

Q. So that he had 500l. for this book?—A. Yes, he had. Mr. Hayley, of whom I have a high opinion, settled the price of that book.

Q. Then as to "The Tour through Ireland." What did you pay for that?—A. I gave Sir John Carr 600l. for that, and a conditional 100l. more I think, on the second edition; or, on the sale of a certain number—but previous to the whole of that number being sold—(considering that it would be sold), I gave Sir John Carr 100l. more. So that he had 700l. for the "Tour through Ireland."

Q. What did you give him for the other book, which you purchased of him, "The Tour through Holland?"—A. The same price. It is a sort of rule with booksellers, (at least it is so with me)—that when we are satisfied with the work of an author, we give him, for similar works, the same as we did before; without any treaty.

Q. So that you gave Sir John Carr 600l. for "The Stranger in Ireland, and, if it went through a second edition, you were to give him 100l. more; which you did?"—A. Yes.

Q. Now, Sir, have you seen a work of his called, "A Tour in Scotland?"—A. I have seen it in a manuscript; Sir John Carr has put it into my hands.

Q. It is a work prepared now for publication?—A. It is.

Q. Now, Sir, when you saw that, had you seen the present book, called "My Pocket Book?"—A. Yes, I had.

Q. Did you, at any time, see one of these Defendants, Mr. Hood?—A. I frequently saw him.

Q. So as to have a conversation with him, concerning this work—I mean the book, called "My Pocket Book?"—A. I have met Mr. Hood, and he has spoken to me particularly on the subject of the book, called "My Pocket Book."

Q. Will you state to us, what he said to you, on that subject?—A. He began by asking me "how Sir John Carr did?" I said

he was very well. He went on to ask me, have you seen or read, " My Pocket Book?" I answered him by saying, " I never read any *scurrility* of that kind."

Q. Did he make any answer to that?—A. He did. He said, " the Lord have mercy upon Sir John Carr: we have a rod in pickle for him: we will do for him:" or, " we will do his business:" or words to that effect. I believe the words were, " the Lord have mercy upon him, poor Sir John," or some phrase of that sort, was thrown in—" we will do his business," or, " will do for him."

Q. Do you know, whether this book, called " My Pocket Book," has been extensively circulated?—A. I have reason to believe it has been, very actively, and industriously circulated. I have seen it in the windows of Booksellers, attracting some attention, in consequence of a ridiculous frontispiece; and Booksellers are, some of them, apt to expose works of this nature, on account of the oddity of appearance in them.

Q. Has it been circulated, in what they call " the trade circulation, and sale?"—A. I do not attend trade sales myself, and I cannot speak to that, but I can speak to this—that the whole edition was offered to the trade, at the trade price, and, that a thousand copies were so to be disposed of; as appears by this catalogue.

Attorney-General.—" You must say nothing to us about that catalogue, for it is not evidence."

Lord Ellenborough.—Certainly not, you must prove that publication as well as every other publication by the actual sale. The catalogue is nothing.

Mr. Dampier.—Q. Was this work, called " The Tour through Scotland," or whatever other title it might have—offered to you for sale?—A. Yes it was.

Q. Did you buy it, or did you decline it?—A. The impression which was made on my mind, in consequence of the publication of the book, called " My Pocket Book;" and the activity with which it was circulated, (as I perceived from the manner in which it was advertised) together with the conversation I had with Mr. Hood, was such, that I certainly declined to buy it.

Q. What was the reason of your declining to buy it?—A. I certainly declined to buy it, in consequence of the publication of this book, called " My Pocket Book."

Q. Had you, before you were aware of this publication, made any offer of any sum of money, for that work of Sir John Carr's, which you saw in manuscript?—A. Not at that time.

Q. Did you at any time?—A. Sir John Carr, subsequent to this, proposed and offered it to me, for 400l. together with the contingent advantage as before, but I declined it. If this libel had not been published, I should have given Sir John Carr the same as he had for the former works; for it is a custom of our trade, unless something happens to make us dissatisfied with the author's work, *to give him the same sum*, for every similar work, as he had for

the preceding one—and had I purchased this work, now in manuscript, of Sir John Carr; I should certainly have given him 600l. for it.

Sir Richard Phillips cross-examined by Mr. Attorney-General.

Q. You state yourself not to be a reader of *scurrility?*—A. I certainly do, I wish to read nothing of that kind.

Q. As you state yourself not to be a reader of any thing of that kind, I take it for granted, you never publish any thing of that sort?—A. I mean, that I never read *anonymous scurrility.* If I see the name of a respectable author on a title page, it becomes another thing.

Attorney-General.—Do not overpower me, Sir Richard Phillips, by a multitude of words, or by answering my questions before I put them to you; especially by references to anonymous writings.

Q. I take it for granted you never read the Edinburgh Review? —A. I have seen the Edinburgh Review—but I pay no respect whatever to that, or to any other work of *anonymous* criticism.

Q. I take it for granted, then, Sir Richard, that criticism owes its effect to the circumstance of a knowledge of who the author is? —A. It certainly ought to do so; to my mind Criticisms should always bear the names of the authors. I do not generally consider that *fair* criticism, which is *anonymous.*

Q. When did you publish these works of Sir John Carr?—A. I published the first work, "The Northern Summer," I suppose in 1803 or 4; "The Stranger in Ireland," in 1806; and the "Tour in Ireland," in 1807; "The Tour in Scotland," I saw in 1808—the present year.

Q. As you do not read criticism, except you know who the critic, or the author is, I take it for granted, you do not attend to the Edinburgh Review. If Sir John Carr has been praised, or censured in the Edinburgh Review, I take it for granted you do not know it?—A. I never saw it.

Mr. Garrow.—"I object to the introduction of the Edinburgh Review. It is no evidence."

Lord Ellenborough.—"I understand the Attorney-General's question to be, to this effect—to take the Edinburgh Review as a mere illustration of the present subject."

Mr. Garrow.—"If it be either directly complimentary to, or directly detracting from, the merit of Sir John Carr as an author; the Edinburgh Review may be referred to, as evidence of the opinion of literary persons, as to the merit of Sir John Carr, as an author; but, I submit to your Lordship, that otherwise, it is not evidence in this cause."

Lord Ellenborough.—"They are not taking any thing out of the Edinburgh Review, but the Attorney-General is cross-examining the witness, as to his acquaintance with that publication. I see nothing in the course of this examination, which calls upon me to stop it."

Attorney General.—"I ask Sir Richard Phillips, whether he knows that this book had been reviewed by the Edinburgh Reviewers?—A. I do not know it; I do not read the Edinburgh Review.

Q. You do not know there is such a publication, perhaps, as the Edinburgh Review?—A. There is such a publication, certainly, but I do not recollect that I have read the Edinburgh Review at all, except some parts of the first volume. I thought some of it scurrilous, and I abhor scurrility.

Q. Now, as you think this publication, which is complained of, is scurrilous; as you abhor scurrility; and, as you know it to be anonymous; you do not soil your pure mind with the perusal of it—are there any reviews published by any persons which are not anonymous?—A. None that I recollect, at this moment; there was one sometime ago by Dr. Maty.

Q. But you do know there is such a publication as the Edinburgh Review?—A. I do.

Q. Do you know whether there is such a publication as the Annual Review?—A. I know there is such a publication.

Q. Is that anonymous?—A. That has a name.

Q. Now, as you do not read scurrilous anonymous writings, and as that is not anonymous, since it has a name, perhaps you do read the Annual Review?—A. Never, now; I have looked into former volumes of it, but I never read it now; it is a very ponderous publication, which I do not read, because I have not leisure.

Q. Have you had a large sale of Sir John Carr's works?—A. A very respectable sale; a very considerable sale, of the first work. Of "the Tour in Ireland," and of "The Tour round the Baltic," I have sold, I think, very nearly 1500 copies.

Attorney General.—"I think, Sir Richard, that your reprobation of anonymous criticism, cannot be too much commended—certainly, nothing should be published without a name—it is proper we should always know who to resort to, in case any thing be published which is not proper.

Q. Pray, Sir Richard, was there not a review called "The Oxford Review?—A. Yes.

Q. Who published it?—A. It was printed by a person at Oxford.

Q. Very likely; but who published it in London?—A. I was the publisher in London.

Lord Ellenborough.—"Here, I think, I should caution you, Sir Richard Phillips, for although I do not know what that publication contained, it may contain something for which you may be responsible, and which may lead you into difficulty; we are here treading upon tender ground; you are not bound to answer any thing which may tend to involve yourself in difficulty."

Sir Richard Phillips—"I thank your Lordship, but I shall certainly answer any question which the Attorney General chooses to ask me; I never printed a line, to my knowledge, which was calculated to hurt the feelings of any person living."

Lord Ellenborough.—" It is my duty to caution you, Sir Richard, and to tell you, that you are not bound to avow that you are the publisher of any work, which may contain any objectionable matter. You are entitled to a protection as a witness. You have laid yourself open already to many questions, which could not have been regularly asked of you, had you not chosen to avow yourself publisher of the work just alluded to."

Attorney General.—There was a work intitled " Public Characters," I believe?—A. There was.

Q. And you published it, I believe?—A. I did.

Lord Ellenborough.—" By the name of it, that is a work very likely to be extremely delicate; I caution you, once more, how you admit yourself to be the publisher of such works; you are not bound to admit any such matter. You appear to me to be admitting too much: I now give you notice, that I shall not caution you again. You have just admitted yourself to be the publisher of a book called " Public Characters," that, from the title of it, is likely to contain a great deal of very delicate matter."

Sir Richard Phillips.—I repeat again, my Lord, that I have no disinclination to avow every thing that I ever published. I never published any work which I should be ashamed to avow in this place."

Attorney General.—" On that ground, Sir Richard, you will tell me, whether you published a book called " Public Characters of the French Revolution?"—A. I do not know of any book under that title. There was a book published in 1796, by myself, giving an account of *The Founders of the French Republic*—but it was a plain narrative of facts. It was a chronological account of public men, who had figured away in France, in the course of the revolution. It was published with a view of giving an account of such persons—there was no scurrility in it, certainly.

Attorney General.—No scurrility?—A. Certainly none, that I am aware of.

Mr. Garrow.—My Lord, I rather think I ought to object to this, as an entirely wrong course of proceeding. One would think, from the course which my friend, the Attorney General, is now taking, that Sir Richard Phillips was the plaintiff, instead of Sir John Carr, for my learned friend seems, now, to be going into the public life and character of Sir Richard Phillips. Sir John Carr, the plaintiff upon this record, has nothing in common, nothing to do with Sir Richard Phillips. They have no connection with each other, except that the one of them is the author, and the other the publisher, of a certain work, and then, my Lord, how can any part of the life of Sir Richard Phillips be evidence upon this issue between Sir John Carr and these defendants?

Lord Ellenborough.—" I do not know any thing of what is common, or what is not common, between this plaintiff and this witness; but, you see here, that Sir Richard Phillips is the purchaser of this work; which is reviewed, or, if you please, censured, by the publication of the defendants. On the credit of the author of a

work, of which Sir Richard Phillips is the purchaser, depends the sale of the unsold part of that work, that is, of the edition now on hand; and this evidence, which he is now giving, that he is the proprietor, and consequently interested in the sale of this book, does not indeed go to his competency, but has a strong bearing on his credit, as a witness; and therefore the Attorney General should, I think, be allowed a larger scope than he should otherwise have, in his cross-examination. He has put to Sir Richard Phillips many questions, to which Sir Richard does not choose to demur, but to which he is certainly entitled to demur; he chooses to say that he is the publisher of many of these works, after the caution which he received from me. I wish he would be guided by other discretion than his own."

Mr. Garrow.—" All this, my Lord, is very well, as between the Attorney General and Sir Richard Phillips; but, I submit, has nothing to do with the interest of my client."

Lord Ellenborough.—" More or less I think it has—it has some reference to it certainly."

Attorney General.—Q. You have very properly uttered your sentiments in reprobation of all criticism which is anonymous—and you are the publisher of a book which gives us the character of those persons who figured in the French revolution. Pray what was the title of that book?—A. " Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic." It was published ten or twelve years ago; it was merely a matter-of-fact book; there was no scurrility in it whatever.

Q. Then it contains nothing but an account of facts within your own knowledge?—A. No, not so; I was not the author, but the publisher.

Attorney General.—And yet you say it is a mere narrative of facts; how can you say so, unless they are facts within your own knowledge?—A. It was a mere plain narrative of facts.

Lord Ellenborough.—How do you know them to be facts, if you were not present at the transactions?—A. It was certainly a narrative of what the author stated to me, and what I considered to be, facts. It was like every other book of grave Biography and History.

Attorney General.—I think we have now got pretty well rid of the book, which you call the " Narrative of Facts."

Q. You were publisher of the Oxford Review?—A. Yes.

Q. You had nothing anonymous in it of course. Pray what were the names of the Oxford Reviewers? Were they known to the public?—A. They were not.

Q. You say you would not put your name to any thing that was anonymous, or a scurrilous publication. And you say that you published " Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic." And you say that you, yourself, published the Oxford Review, which was anonymous?—A. Yes; but they had not the character of the works which I have reprobated.

Attorney General.—To be sure, for you state that these were

facts which you published in your "Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Revolution." And you state also, that you were not the author, but merely the publisher of that book. Pray was that book anonymous?—A. Yes, but not scurrilous.

Q. No, not scurrilous, God forbid?—A. Yes, God forbid. I thank you for the phrase.

Attorney General.—You say there is such a book as the Edinburgh Review, which is anonymous, and the Annual Review, which is not anonymous, which is published, I believe, by *Mr. Aiken.* Now did it ever occur to you, when you were so much interested in the credit of Sir John Carr's works, to enquire what Mr. Aikin, who is not an anonymous writer, says of his works?—A. In respect to periodical criticism of the anonymous kind, I ought to say that I have neither time, nor inclination, to look into it; nor do I often look into the annual review. It is a ponderous volume, and if I had inclination, I should not have time to read it.

Q. The Oxford Review, I take it for granted, you read, since you were the publisher of it?—A. Yes.

Q. I take it for granted, you had the honesty to subscribe your name to that opinion?—A. I shall never withhold my opinions. I published the Oxford Review from a desire that there might be a fair review. My wishes and my feelings suggested to me, that there ought to be at least *one honest review* in the country. A number of gentlemen at Oxford, united their labours to write for it; and it was printed there, under their direction, and published by me in London. It had no scurrility in it whatever; but I found that a review which had no personal abuse, would not succeed, and therefore I discontinued its publication.

Q. That was your feeling, and such your reasoning?—A Yes.

Lord Ellenborough.—That is, you are now slandering all publishers but yourself. That is calling all other reviewers slanderers. I wish you would attend to the advice of others, whose prudence you seem to want."

Sir Richard Phillips.—My Lord, I know a great deal about reviewers!

Attorney-General.—Q. Perhaps you never, in advertising a book of your own, annexed to it any commendation of reviewers?—A. I have not done so for many years, I was in the habit of doing it formerly, but I have not done it for many years. I became ashamed of the practice, and I left it off.

Attorney-General.—"That is, you grew up into virtue, as they fell into vice."

Lord Ellenborough.—This is saying, that every publisher is dishonorable but yourself. Pray do not arrogate to yourself all the virtue in the publication of books. Are you aware of the effect of your testimony. You have, just this instant, told us, that you have been doing that of which you are ashamed. And that you discontinued it, because you were ashamed of it. Answer the questions plainly without these comments.

Sir Richard Phillips.—My Lord, I have endeavoured to do so. I have said that I formerly published advertisements of books with the characters of reviewers annexed to them. It was the ordinary practice of the trade. I have said, that I discontinued it, and I did so. And I have said that I left it off because I was ashamed of it, and I am so.

Attorney-General—Q. At what time did you change your system. Will you swear, that within these last six years, you have not published a book annexing to its advertisement, the commendation of reviewers?—A. Yes, I have no doubt I have. It may have happened within these two or three years, perhaps, but this has arisen from accident. We keep our old advertisements standing in the form in which we have been used to send them to the newspapers, for five or six years together. So that an advertisement may latterly have gone into a newspaper with the same paragraph in it, of the commendation of the reviewer, a long time after I had determined to discontinue that practice.

Q. You know of the Annual Review, and there is the Monthly Review?—A. Yes.

Q. And there is the Eclectic Review, and the Critical Review?—A. Yes.

Q. Now, I ask you, there being this number of reviews, have you never looked into any of them to see if Sir John Carr's work was reviewed by them?—A. I do not recollect to have done so, within the last twelve months.

Q. I ask you whether you have not looked into them concerning "The Stranger in Ireland?"—A. I do not recollect to have seen "The Stranger in Ireland," noticed in more than one review. I have seen it, in some one review; I do not recollect which it was.

Q. What was the character given of it in that review?—A. I think, in the review in which I saw it, it had a very good character.

Mr. Attorney-General.—Now, Sir Richard Phillips, I will ask you another question; have you not yourself assigned as a reason for not publishing this work of Sir John Carr's, which you have seen in manuscript, "The Tour in Scotland," "That Sir John Carr was *worn out*?"—A. I never used the phrase.

Q. Nor any thing like it?—A. No, nor any thing like it.

Q. You never have assigned that as a reason for not publishing that work? Nor any other reason except that of this publication, called "My Pocket Book," and these imputations cast upon the genius of the author?—A. I have been asked by booksellers, questions which they had no business to ask me, about Sir John Carr's works, and conceiving such questions to be impertinent, I have said to such booksellers, "that my public engagements would prevent me from embarking in such publications, and I have given that answer in tenderness to Sir John Carr?

Q. Have you read "The Tour through Scotland?"—A. I have *looked into it*, but not read it through.

Q. It is finished?—A. It is.

One of the jury (Mr. Gibson).—Q. I think, Sir Richard, you told the booksellers that your public engagements would prevent you from embarking in such publications; and that you gave that answer out of tenderness to Sir John Carr. Pray what was that tenderness?—A. Because I would not have it understood that any work of that kind, (meaning such works as "My Pocket Book") had had an effect, which appeared to me to be so prejudicial to his character.

Mr. Attorney-General.—I will deal candidly with you, Sir Richard. The person to whom I alluded, when I asked you whether you had not said, "Sir John Carr was worn out," is a Mr. Murray. Now I ask you, did you not say so to him?—A. No, I did not, *that I recollect.*

Q. Will you take upon yourself to say, upon your oath, that, to Mr Murray, you did not say "that Sir John Carr was worn out?—A. I could not say such a thing.

Q. Do you swear positively, that you did not say that "Sir John Carr was worn out?"—A. I certainly do say, that I did not say so.

Mr. Leigh examined.

Q. Do you know Sir John Carr?—A. Yes.

Q. Had you any conversation with him, about the purchase of any manuscript of his?—A. He offered to me his Scotch Tour.

Q. Did you purchase it?—A. I declined it.

Q. Have you seen this book called "My Pocket Book?"—A. I have.

Q. What was the reason of your declining to purchase the Scotch Tour of Sir John Carr?—A. I declined it on account of the unfavourable impression which this book made, called "My Pocket Book."

Q. What sum would you have given for the Scotch Tour, if it had not been for the book called "My Pocket Book?—A. Four hundred pounds.

Cross-examined by Mr. Adolphus.

Q. How long have you been in the business of a bookseller?—A. Sixteen or eighteen years.

Q. How long have you been in partnership with Mrs. Matthews?—A. Three years.

Q. She was the widow of the late Mr. Matthews in the Strand, I believe?—A. Yes.

Q. And you say, you would have given, to Sir John Carr, 400l. for his Scotch tour, if it had not been for the unfavourable impression made by the publication of the book, called "My Pocket Book?"—A. Yes.

Q. Did you ever give 400l. for any book?—A. Never.

Q. You know Sir John Carr?—A. Yes.

Q. And you knew that he had shewn this manuscript, of the *Scotch Tour, to* Sir Richard Phillips?—A. I had heard that Sir *Richard Phillips* had not published any new work for a considerable time.

Q. Then you, who never gave 400l. for any book, would have stept out of your course, to give 400l. to Sir John Carr, had it not been for the impression made by the publication of the book, called "My Pocket Book?"—A. Yes.

Lord Mountnorris examined.

Q. I wish to know, my Lord, whether you have read Sir John Carr's work, called "The Stranger in Ireland?"—A. I have.

Q. Have you looked at the book, called "My Pocket Book?"—A. I have. I was induced to read both with attention. Sir John Carr had been recommended to me by *Mr. Atkinson*, who spoke of Sir John Carr very favourably; and, as I understood that his book related to Ireland, and that the subject was treated handsomely, I felt an interest in its perusal. I read it, and I read the book called "My Pocket Book." I compared them both, chapter and chapter, and the different parts of the "Stranger in Ireland," selected in the work called "My Pocket Book," are pointed out so strongly, that I knew them immediately.

Q. Then, my Lord, I ask you, whether you consider the book, called "My Pocket Book," to be a publication intended to ridicule the work, called "The Stranger in Ireland?"—A. I certainly do.

Lord Ellenborough.—"I suppose that will be admitted?

Mr. Attorney General.—"Certainly, my Lord."

Lord Ellenborough.—"It is now admitted, that the Defendant's publication, was intended to ridicule the Plaintiff's book.

Mr. Garrow to Lord Mountnorris.—Q. As to the frontispiece. Does not that appear to your Lordship to apply to Sir John Carr?—A. I think this book, called "My Pocket Book," applies so strongly to Sir John Carr, that I should have bought "The Stranger in Ireland," but would not, after reading this book. It depreciated the other book so much, in my opinion, that I would not buy it afterwards.

Q. Now, my Lord, as to the engraving: I mean the description of the frontispiece. Does your Lordship understand that to apply to Sir John Carr?—A. It is so strongly drawn, that it is impossible to mistake it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Attorney-General.

I am happy to have the honour of addressing a Nobleman of letters instead of the Knight who lives by letters, and knows nothing more of them than the livelihood which they afford him.—Q. Your Lordship, as I understand, has read through Sir John Carr's book, "The Stranger in Ireland?"—A. With great attention.

Q. From the impression it made on your mind, you would have given a large price for it?—A. Certainly.

Q. You read both the "Stranger in Ireland" and "My Pocket Book?"—A. I read them both, and compared them chapter and chapter, afterwards separately.

Q. Then, my Lord, in your mind, the effect which the book, called "My Pocket Book," had, is the cause why you did not *afterwards buy* the book of Sir John Carr, called "The Tour in

Ireland." That is, my Lord, you came to that conclusion—you would have bought the one, if it had not been for the other? —A. Certainly, from the handsome manner in which he spoke of Ireland.

Q. Sir John Carr speaks in very handsome terms of Ireland; he was recommended to your friendship; that consideration would have induced you to buy, but having read "My Pocket Book," and the book itself of which it treats, and which it ridicules, you were deterred from purchasing that work itself?—A. I certainly should have purchased it, but for that.

Q. But that exposed and placed it in so ridiculous a light, that you would not buy it?—A. Certainly.

Q. Your Lordship sees, in this work which you have read with so much attention, the expression "erratick stranger;" does your Lordship understand that to be the comet, or Sir John Carr himself?—A. I really do not clearly comprehend it.

"Before this "ERRATIC STRANGER" you behold a cloud—'tis "Shakespeare's, and "*very like a* WHALE." The *moon*, my favourite "star, smiles benignly upon my labours; and three wild Irish are, *for the night only*, seen flying in compliment to me." I suppose these wild Irish are meant for Sir John!

Lord Valentia examined.

Q. I would ask your Lordship, whether you have seen this book, together with the explanation of the frontispiece? A. I have.

Q. Does that apply to Sir John Carr, and his works, intending to expose him to ridicule?—A. I have read a part of "The Stranger in Ireland," and I think this work is intended to expose that to ridicule.

Cross examined.

Which do you think was meant, by this passage [reading that to which he had before alluded on the examination of my Lord Mountnorris] the comet, or Sir John Carr himself?—A. I cannot exactly answer you that question.

Mr. Garrow.—Now, my Lord, I propose to put in, "The Monthly Mirror," purchased at the shop of these Defendants, to shew the manner in which they have advertised this work, which, for the present, we call a libel.

Mr. Attorney General.—I think, that other books, are not evidence in this action.

Lord Ellenborough.—They are of very little importance in this cause. I am not clear that they are, in strictness, evidence. But I shall not refuse to receive them. But, Mr. Attorney, you shall have the benefit of your objection hereafter, in the event of that becoming necessary. I do not see what the Plaintiff can want them for.

Mr. Garrow.—To shew *quo animo* the Defendants published this book.

Lord Ellenborough.—They tell you their intention was to ridicule the works of the Plaintiff, what can you have more? If the

evidence be gone into, I shall confine it to its application to the book in question. If any thing comes into my note, that does not relate to that book, I shall immediately obliterate it."

Mr. Garrow.—They take an advantage which they possess, by being publishers of a periodical work, of extending their ridicule of the Plaintiff.

Lord Ellenborough.—That can never go further, for the purpose of this cause, than their avowal that it is their object to ridicule the Plaintiff as an author.

Mr. Garrow.—Then we will rest here. That is my case.

DEFENCE.

Mr. Attorney-General.—May it please your Lordship: Gentlemen of the Jury,—I did venture to suggest, to my learned friend, somewhat irregularly, while he was addressing you on this subject, that he was, by anticipation, doing that, with regard to me, which he complained my Client had done with regard to his—that is, treating me with ridicule. He told you, that probably, in the course of my address to you to day, or on some other time, (although from his partiality to me, he was kind enough to say, it was but seldom it happened), that I should say something that should be ridiculous. That is as seldom his case as any body's. But he told you that we, all of us, in our turns, say some things that subject us to ridicule. I am afraid we do. But I really, without affectation, declare, I think that my learned friend falls into that error as seldom as any body. But if a man were determined to try how ridiculous he could make himself appear, in so ridiculous a cause as this is, I think we have had a specimen how that object might be accomplished. I could, certainly, make many observations on the very many ridiculous passages which are to be found in the works of SIR JOHN CARR, and which fully justify the ridicule of this book, of which he complains. But I abstain; the case is so rich with ridicule without it; that it would be bad taste to take that course. There is so much in the dramatis personæ, that it renders every thing in the way of ridicule superfluous.—First we have *Sir Richard Phillips*, who has given us evidence of his being either one of the greatest fools that ever lived under the sun, or that he is not to be credited on his oath. I say it appears from his own testimony, either that he has given us false evidence, or that he is the greatest fool that ever walked upon the face of the earth—without a guide.

Lord Ellenborough interposing.—Weakest, perhaps Weakest.

Attorney-General.—The weakest man that ever walked upon *the face of the* earth without a keeper.—ERASMUS would have *given any thing* for him when he wrote his Encomion Moriæ —or *Pope, when* he wrote his Dunciad. If the author of

the *Dunciad* were now living, he would have changed his hero.—If we were living in the days of POPE—we should have a new edition of the Dunciad after this scene. Sir Richard Phillips tells us, that he is publisher of three of these voluminous works, which have been exhibited to you as the productions of Sir John Carr. He has told you, that he had given large sums of money for them. That he was about to open a negociation with Sir John Carr, for the purchase of another work, and he tells you, there are I think five different reviews, the object of which is, to treat of the merits or of the demerits of different publications as they appear in the world, and that they must rise or fall, in a great measure at least —that is, fail of success, or succeed with the public, according to the impression produced by these periodical publications. This must be the case with "The Stranger in Ireland," as well as any other work. And Sir Richard Phillips being interested in pocket, as to the credit of that work with the public; tells you, that he never looked into any one of these reviews. He felt that, as soon as he said it, to be a strange thing to be said by a bookseller. For a man who derives emolument from the credit of authors—who eats and drinks their labour—lives upon it.—He felt himself bound to account for this strange expression.—He does account for it—I never mix myself, "says he, with anonymous scurrilous publications." That is, in substance, "this, my love of virtue, prevents me from opening publications of that kind. They are productions so much beneath me, that I despise them. The purity of my mind might be corrupted by perusing them." Have you read the Edinburgh Review?—"I have formerly, but I do not now." I have two objections to them, that they are anonymous, and that they are scurrilous;" and yet he admits, that himself was publisher of "Anecdotes of public Characters in this Country," and, "Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic." He is the publisher himself of these two works, and they are both anonymous—but he startles at the bare mention of scurrility. "These anecdotes are *facts*—a simple narrative of *facts*." Did these facts Sir Richard, happen to fall within your own knowledge?—Answer me that plain question.—"No, no, no; facts, as the *authors* of the works stated to me." That is what Sir Richard Phillips calls a narrative of facts—so much for Sir Richard Phillip's narrative of facts, and so much for his abhorrence of scurrility. Now for his abhorrence of anonymous publications—I feel, he says, and so he ought to feel—so we all ought to feel—"an abhorrence of anonymous scurrility," and yet he publishes two books which are anonymous—whether they contain any thing that is scurrilous, we will not here stop to inquire. But we now come to the reviews. *he holds them in* great abhorrence: I suppose some of his publica-

tions have been roughly handled by them. But who was the publisher of the Oxford Review?—Himself, and here he elevated himself above all other booksellers; for, says he, "I published the Oxford Review, that there "might be *one honest review* in the kingdom," consigning all others, Doctor AIKIN's and the rest to ignominy—placing himself upon a pedestal, looking down on others and degrading them altogether, a condition in which he is not intitled to place himself. Now, Gentlemen, is Sir Richard Phillips that pure, immaculate character which he states himself to be?—I put it to you, thus—do you believe he swears truly when he swears, that he became the publisher of the Oxford Review, *merely* for the purpose of giving to the public one honest review in this kingdom? Do you believe that he swears truly when he swears that?—Gentlemen, I told you that Sir Richard Phillips was either a witness who had tript in his evidence, or else, that he is a man the most infirm in judgment that ever walked on the face of the earth without a keeper. He states to you, that he would have given the same sum for the work of Sir John Carr now in manuscript that he gave for the others, had it not been for the publication of this book, called "My Pocket Book." He tells you, there are five reviews, in all of which, he knows, as well as any body, that this work must be handled as others are, but so little does he read reviews or anonymous criticisms, that he hardly looks at them, and he hardly looked at this work, called "My Pocket Book," and yet he tells you in the same breath, that in consequence of these petty comments, as he calls them, of this book, "My Pocket Book," he declined to buy the other work of his favourite author Sir John Carr. But for this scurrilous little work, he would have given Sir John Carr 700l. for the work which he now has in manuscript. Now, I do say, either that is not true, or Sir Richard Phillips is the weakest and the most absurd creature that ever crept on the face of the earth. I could not conceive, had I not seen it, that a man could have made a figure so foolish. I cannot conceive, that a man should so act against his interest, as knowing there were these reviews and publications, and knowing how the next book of Sir John Carr might at least be handled, and yet would have given 600l. in the first instance for this manuscript of Sir John Carr's, if it had not been for this little book, "My Pocket Book," which Sir Ri hard Phillips tells you, at the same time, is a contemptible little work, and which, if that be true, could have had little, if any effect upon the public mind. I have been led into this mode of reasoning from the ground which Sir Richard Phillips has thought fit to take. He has arrogated to himself all the honour in the kingdom, as far as it regards the publication of books, and reviews of books. What

standard shall I take to judge of the propriety or the impropriety of this publication, called "My Pocket Book"—as containing just or unjust criticism on the work of Sir John Carr, called "The Stranger in Ireland?" I will appeal to my Lord MOUNTNORRIS, who has a high personal respect for the author of the book, called "The Stranger in Ireland," and partial towards the subject of it. The truth is, that Sir John Carr went to Ireland well recommended. He received there the honour of knighthood—and knighthood, fine cloaths and genteel manners, are an introduction into genteel circles, and gain a high name for a while, to an author, and may be a short substitute for genius, to a person who chooses to figure as an author. He thought his name would *uphold his book*, but that will never do long, unless the book can *uphold his name*. Sir John Carr thought that his book would pass on account of his name. And it very nearly had. My Lord Mountnorris had very nearly got himself into the scrape of buying this book of Sir John Carr's, called "The Stranger in Ireland." He would have done so, but from the circumstance of his having seen this book, called "My Pocket Book." And here I think my Lord Mountnorris has some reason to complain of his friend Sir John Carr, and of those who gave him that name. Not that I mean to insinuate that Sir John Carr is unworthy of the honour of knighthood; I am speaking of him merely as an author, and in that view, knighthood may sometimes have the effect of a false token. "Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes." But what effect has this book called "My Pocket Book," had on the public mind? Why my Lord Mountnorris, who has a personal respect for Sir John Carr, shall answer that question. He said that understanding Sir John Carr to have spoken handsomely of Ireland, and feeling an interest in that subject, he was disposed to buy the book; but he read this criticism, and having read it, he read the book which was the subject of it. He then compared them with each other—what was the effect of his doing so? Why, *that he would not buy the book*. Why did he not buy the book? *Because it had been so successfully ridiculed*. How came it to be so successfully ridiculed? *Perhaps you can guess*. My Lord Mountnorris had like to have reposed too much confidence in the name of the author. But having looked at the book which gave an account of it, and then having compared them with one another, that is, he compared the book of Sir John Carr with the manner in which it had been turned into ridicule, he said to himself—"This work of my friend Sir John Carr, will not do for me—I will not buy it." This is putting things to the test—this is exactly the use of criticism, which is preventing those who have not seen, from buying bad books. This is a proof that in the judgment of

my Lord Mountnorris, a man of erudition, a friend to the author too, and partial to his subject—thinks the book, after an attentive perusal of it, *not worth buying*. My Lord Mountnorris did not content himself with reading this criticism, but he read the book itself, and after perusing both, he found the book of Sir John Carr *so ridiculous a work* that he would not buy it, for he did not choose to be laughed at by those who might see it in his library.

I do not complain of those who purchase books without having read them, or hearing something of their character from men of judgment; but those who, like my Lord Mountnorris, take the precaution to peruse a book before they buy it, are, I think, a great deal more prudent. My Lord Mountnorris has shewn us the *utility of criticism;* and I think he has shewn us the *justness* of the *criticism* here complained of.

Gentlemen, I think this case a great deal too clear to require any further observations. I confess I had brought my mind up to saying a good deal on the subject of Sir John Carr's literary labours. I had been almost tempted to do so; but I think it has become unnecessary after the evidence you have heard. I might have compared the works of Sir John Carr with authors of antiquity whose works have been treated with ridicule. There was SOCRATES, and ARISTOPHANES criticised him; but his doctrines were not the less published on that account. Why? Because the ridicule did not affect his fame. It is because works are ridiculous, that ridicule affects them. Whoever sends into the world a book, gives to the public a right of dealing with the contents of that book as the contents deserve. If the book be a work of genuine merit, no attack upon it, however violent, or however ingenious, will do it any permanent injury. If, on the other hand, it be a work which has for its support, nothing but knighthood—a large margin—hot-press—gilt leaves and Morocco binding, it really never can stand the test of criticism, and the sooner it is sent into the shades the better. The public are indebted to the critic who so disposes of it; for the public have an interest in the discouragement of books, almost as much as in the encouragement of good ones. It has another good effect—It shews those who have not, otherwise, means of discovering the true character of a book, how to save their money. Such is the effect of genuine criticism, and a very valuable thing it is to the public. I have my learned Friend's concession, that fair and manly criticism, even if you do not agree in opinion with the critic, is not to be complained of. I think my Lord Mountnorris has proved this to be of that character.—Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer; I am quite satisfied that you will be of opinion, that this book, although severe, was published in the spirit of fair criticism, and, of course, that your *verdict will be for* the Defendants.

CHARGE.

Lord Ellenborough.—Gentlemen of the Jury, This is an action brought by Sir John Carr against these two Defendants, booksellers of the names of HOOD and SHARPE, for having published, what he contends to be, a work intending to turn him into ridicule; and he alledges in his declaration, that he has suffered special damages on account of this book; that he, being about to sell another work to Sir Richard Phillips, that bookseller declined to purchase that work; on which account he could not sell it, whereby he lost the considerable advantage which has been stated to you.

Now, Gentlemen, before we advance to the work itself, let us look at the principle of this species of action. Every person who writes any book, and publishes it, of whatever description it may be, commits it to the public; any person may comment upon it, upon its principle, upon its tendency, or upon its style—may answer, and expose to ridicule its character, if it be ridiculous—and may do the same thing with the author, as far as he is embodied in the work. Now this publication of the Travels of Sir John Carr, makes "a description of the place where he is," a principal part of the work. He is taking his departure from Dublin; and he speaks of himself in a manner that connects himself with the work. The book published by the defendants takes notice of this part of the plaintiff's work, and it is exhibited in the print, and it refers to parts of Sir John Carr's book wherein expressions are used similar to those used in the present publication. It is contended that this work of the defendants should not be suffered, because it ridicules, immoderately, the works of this plaintiff. Why, Gentlemen, if the thing itself be ridiculous—if the principle of it be bad—or, though the principle be unobjectionable, if the work itself be ill digested—bad composition—written with bad taste, or otherwise defective, so as to deserve the character of a "bad book"—it is doing great service to the public to write it down; such works cannot be too soon exposed—the sooner they disappear the better. I speak this without prejudice to the work of Sir John Carr, for I have not read a word of it. It may be, for aught I know, excellent. It would be unfair in me to censure what I have not read, like the Sheriff—God forbid I should do so; the books of this gentleman may be very valuable works. But this I say—whatever character his works merit, others have a right to pass their judgment upon them, and to censure them, if they be censurable, and to turn them into ridicule, if they be ridiculous.

If there were no such right, we should have no security for the exposition of error; bad systems of philosophy would not be written down, as that of DES CARTES was by NEWTON; and bad systems of government would not be written down, as that of Sir ROBERT FILMER's was by LOCKE *. After Mr. Locke had published his work upon Government, against that of Sir Robert Filmer, I dare say this Sheriff, Sir Richard Phillips would not have given a shilling for the book of Sir Robert Filmer, if it were a publication of the present time. What then? Could any body maintain an action against Mr. Locke for his publication, for writing down the fame of Sir Robert Filmer? Certainly not. Mr. Locke did great service to the public by writing down that work; and, indeed, any person does a service to the public, who writes down any vapid or useless publication, such as never ought to have appeared. It prevents the dissemination of bad taste, by the perusal of trash; and prevents people from wasting both their time and money. I say this, however, as applicable to fair and candid criticism, which every person has a right to publish, although the author may suffer a loss from it. It is a loss, indeed, to the author; but is what we in the law call Damnum absque injuriâ; a loss which the law does not consider as an injury, because it is a loss which he ought to sustain. It is, in short, the loss of fame and profits, to which he was never entitled; and the person who occasions that loss, by fair criticism, is not guilty of that species of conduct which subjects him to an action in a court of justice. Why then, let us suppose that the Plaintiff in this action has lost the benefit of selling this Scotch Tour, now in manuscript, to Sir Richard Phillips; if he has lost it, by fair criticism upon his former works, which criticisms have rendered his writings ridiculous, he must abide by such loss, it being his fate to sustain it by fair criticism. This I take to be the law. If it were otherwise, I do not know where we are to stop. No man will be at liberty to expose the works of another, however ridiculous. I think we ought to resist a complaint, against fair and liberal criticism, at the threshold; I think it is our policy, in every view of the thing. I do not know any thing that more threatens the liberty of the press, in the times in which we live, than giving too much encouragement to this species of action. But do not let me be misunderstood; for I do not mean to say, that if there was any thing in the book, published by the Defendants, of a libellous tendency, wholly foreign to the work, or unconnected with the author of it, as embodied in the work; if there was any thing in it, tending to render *him ridiculous*, unconnected with the work, the action is not *maintainable*. Neither you nor I have appeared before the world

* *See* Sir R. Phillips's honest statement, page 35.

in the character of an author, at least I have not; but, if I had, I should not think myself entitled to maintain an action against any body else, who ridiculed my work, and proved it to be ridiculous. If any person chooses to exhibit a picture, which was in itself ridiculous, another cannot be liable to an action, for pointing out wherein it is ridiculous. If another chooses in his work to draw a picture of himself, to place himself in a given situation, another person has a right to finish that picture by exposing it to ridicule, if it be ridiculous; and by criticising upon the words which the author has made use of. If, therefore, you think this is a criticism of the work of this author, and of the author himself, as far as he is connected with the work only, and not written by way of calumny upon him as an individual; I am of opinion that this action is not maintainable. But if you are of opinion, that this work is written against this author, as a man, and unconnected with his work, then, my opinion is, that the action is maintainable. We do not find, that there is any charge here on account of the work being anonymous. In a word, if you are satisfied, that this criticism is levelled at the Plaintiff's work, and at the Plaintiff himself, only as he is connected with, and embodied in, the work, I am of opinion that he must take the consequences of it: and, indeed it does not appear to have done any material injury, as appears from the opinion of my Lord Mountnorris, who considered the criticism so extremely clever, that after having read it, and the work to which it referred, chapter by chapter, he says, I should have bought the one, but for the other; which is equivalent to his having said, that he thought the volume, to which the criticism referred, not worth buying; and, if you think so, Gentlemen, you will find your verdict for the Defendants.

One of the Jury.—" Is there any thing in the Defendants' book of a libellous tendency, by way of personal attack, on the character of the Plaintiff, unconnected with his publications?"

Lord Ellenborough.—Something has been referred to of that kind; but nothing has been laid before us in proof of it. The Plaintiff appears to be placed in a ridiculous situation, in a group of figures. He might have been so described by words. If any thing had been said of this Plaintiff reflecting on his character, unconnected with this book, I should have told you that, in my opinion, it would have been a libel; but we have no proof of that.

One of the Jury.—" If it be contended, that there is any personal reflection upon the Plaintiff in this book, unconnected with his writings, we must go through the contents of it."

Lord Ellenborough.—We have no proof that there is.

The Jury, without a minute's consultation, returned a—VERDICT FOR THE DEFENDANTS.

Lord Ellenborough—I hope nobody will understand, from result of this trial, that there is the least countenance given slander, nor to ridicule of any author, any more than any other in vidual, unless such ridicule be connected with his works, and author is embodied with his work; for courts of justice are as ten of the moral characters of all men, whether they be authors not, as they are firm in maintenance of the right of every in vidual, to give a free opinion, on every publication of a liter work.

ADDENDA.

TO a report of this trial *, printed by *T. Gillet*, (printer to Sir Richard Phillips,) is subjoined an Appendix containing a Letter from the EARL of MOUNTNORRIS to the BRITISH PRESS, and one from himself to Mr. COBBETT. These Letters are here republished, and *the author of* "MY POCKET BOOK" has added the replies, which he made to them at the time. The public will judge whether the suppression of his answers, especially that to Sir Richard Phillips, was worthy of any lover of common honesty or truth.

EARL OF MOUNTNORRIS'S LETTER,

Respecting Sir John Carr's late Action.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR—In the report of an Action brought by Sir John Carr against Hood and Sharpe for a Libel, which appeared in *The British Press*, of the 26th inst. I am grossly misrepresented as having given evidence in favour of the Defendants, when I attended *solely* and conscientiously on behalf of Sir John Carr.

* The *note* at p. 54. bears its *author's mark* upon it. Sir Richard, is there styled, "a public man, *of known independence and integrity*." It was certainly not written by Mr. BLORE, who, in some trimming *observations* on the Knight's *Memoirs*, says, that Sir Richard was deceived "if he thought he could make me the tool of his *dishonourable purposes*." Crosby, and Co. 1808. If this *Trial* is not sufficient, the pamphlet alluded to, and another called "*Statement of a Correspondence*," by the same learned antiquary, will shew what we are to understand by the "*known integrity*" of Sir Richard Phillips.

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS complains bitterly of the misrepresentations of the newspapers in their account of the trial. Had the matter been left to *him*, he would have prevented all this *garbling!* The following *note* was written by him to the editor of a newspaper, enclosing his *ungarbled* report of the trial, which is here preserved.—(Post mark 30th July.)

On the trial, Sir J. Carr, v. Hood, the daily papers having much misrepresented the testimony of Sir R. Phillips, a friend of that gentleman begs the insertion of the inclosed short, but accurate, *account of the case.*

"In the King's Bench, at Guildhall, on Monday, an action of damages at the suit of Sir John Carr, Knt. against Messrs Hood and Sharpe, booksellers.

The Plaintiff had written a variety of Books of Travels, of which he made a considerable emolument. The Defendants had published a book called "*My Pocket Book*," ridiculing the Plaintiff's writings, and, in consequence of which, he was prevented from disposing of a manuscript "*Tour through Scotland*," for which he sought damages, not only to the amount of the loss sustained, but to deter others from sending forth such scandalous and scurrilous publications.

Mr. Johnson, bookseller, proved that he purchased the manuscript of "*The Stranger in France*," from the Plaintiff for 100l.—Sir Richard Phillips deposed, that he purchased from the Plaintiff his "*Northern Summer Tour round the Baltic*," for 500l.; "*The Stranger in Ireland*," he gave him 700l. for; and for his "*Tour through Holland*," 600l. He had seen the manuscript of the "*Tour through Scotland*," and *(should as a matter of course,*)* have given 600l. if it had not been for "*My Pocket Book*," which *he heard* had depreciated the works of the Plaintiff so much, that it deterred him. Sir Richard was cross-examined by the Attorney-General, who asked, if he ever read reviews? To which he answered, he did not, abhorring the scurrility, partiality, and misrepresentation, with which they abounded, and knowing, as *he did*, the manner in which they were manufactured. He had, he allowed, for *some time*, been the publisher of "*The Oxford Review*," which had been set up as an experiment, to try if a Review, free from scurrility, would succeed, which it did not†. Being asked if he had not read the "*Edinburgh Review*," he said, he did not remember to have read more than *two* or *three* of the first numbers; unless he might occasionally turn it over in a bookseller's shop; and the same as to other Reviews mentioned by the Attorney General.—He was asked if he himself published no anonymous books? He said, he published a *great many*, but they contained no scurrility or abuse. He was asked had he not published books, entitled "*Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic*," and "*Public Characters*," with some others? [Here Lord Ellenborough said, the witness need not answer this question to criminate himself.] Sir Richard *warmly* replied, he was ready to answer that, and all other questions Mr. Attorney-General might choose to ask, *and was in no degree afraid to criminate himself*, by acknowledging the contents of any work he had ever published. *He therefore courted the questions of the Attorney-General, (instead of shrinking*)* from them, *exclaiming, God forbid that he should be ashamed to avow in that place*, every act of his life. *Nothing was gained by the cross-examination, which lasted above an hour.*

The Attorney-General in his reply, declared Sir Richard Phillips must either have slipped in his testimony, or he was the greatest fool on earth, to be, as he was, *the greatest publisher of books in London*‡, and not to read the reviews of his works, and treat with his authors accordingly. The publication called *My Pocket Book*, the learned gentleman contended, was nothing more than a fair criticism of a book which deserved to be held up to public ridicule.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that every man had a right to criticise the writings of another, and even to hold them up to ridicule, so that he cast no personal reflections on the author. If fair criticism injured the sale of a work, it was *damnum absque injuria*. As to the present question, if the criticism went beyond observations on the work, or on the author, merely as such it was actionable, and not otherwise. The Jury accordingly found for the defendant.—The Duke of Bedford, and other noblemen, friends of Sir John Carr, attended on the Bench.

During this trial, his Grace the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Mountnorris, Lord Valentia, and Sir Richard Phillips, sat on the bench with Lord Ellenborough.

* These words within parenthesis were alterations by Sir R. Phillips on the printed copy sent to the papers.

† *Why anonymous*, Sir Richard?

‡ *What, the Attorney General* turned puff, Sir Richard?

For the purpose of effacing so foul an aspersion upon my honour and my judgment, I beg, through the medium of your Paper, to state that I never did say that I thought the work which formed the ground of the action *fair criticism*, that I never spoke disrespectfully of Sir John Carr's literary productions, or asserted that the Caricature Prints, contained in the work complained of, were sanctioned by fair and just criticism. (Signed) "

MOUNTNORRIS.

Warfield Grove, July 31, 1808.

The Editor of the *British Press*, in his Paper of the 4th of Aug. made some judicious remarks on this Epistle, particularly on the "*thick and thin*" phrase *solely*, and considered the whole a forgery. The author of "MY POCKET BOOK" had the *courtesy* to think the same, and wrote the following article in the *British Press* on the 5th of August.

The author of "My Pocket Book" to the Earl of Mountnorris.

MY LORD—I have read the remarks of the Editor of *The British Press* on your Lordship's letter, or rather, as he observes, and I am bound to believe, the letter falsely ascribed to you; and Iam perfectly satisfied with his knowledge of the law of evidence, and the duty of any one served with a *subpœna ad testificandum*. That your Lordship should say, that you attended *solely* on behalf of Sir John Carr, is internal evidence sufficient of the fabrication.—The noble and venerable Earl of Mountnorris merits not "so foul an aspersion" on his legal knowledge. He knows it to have been laid down, that "Evidence signifies that which demonstrates, makes *evident* or clear, or ascertains *the truth of the very fact or point in issue, either on the one side or the other.*"

It is indeed highly improbable that your Lordship should be indignant at the assertion, (granting it to have been made) that you "*spoke disrespectfully* of Sir John Carr's literary productions," since you swore that you had read both "*The Stranger in Ireland*, and *My Pocket Book*," chapter by chapter, and, notwithstanding (according to the epistle) the latter was *not fair criticism*, you would not purchase Sir John's work; or, in other words, for you had *not been* deceived, but had made the comparison, you thought it not worth buying. I will not pretend to trust to myself in a case so delicate as that which might lead me to differ from your Lordship; but in the report of the trial *, I find that the Earl of Mountnorris thought "*My Pocket Book*" was a fair and just criticism on the other. I shall now recall an observation, made by your Lordship in court, which naturally engraved itself so deeply

* In the *newspapers*; and see *page* 96.

amongst the "*fond records*" of my brain, that I shall not easily be suspected of dropping a syllable of it in my repetition.—Nothing but a forgery could lead to this confusion, for can your Lordship think "*My Pocket Book*" any thing but "*fair and just criticism*," when you said (while sitting in the students' box,) to a Barrister—who through the crowd could get no other place—"*My Pocket Book* is the wittiest thing I ever read—*I would give* 500*l. to be the author*, but I would pay 500l. rather than be the subject of it."—Your Lordship is justly jealous of any "*aspersion* upon your *judgment*."—Believe me, my Lord, *I* think it so sound and enlightened, that I will stand up in its defence, "*like Atlas unremoved!*"

With regard to poor Sir John, the victim of the advice of friends, but particularly of one, whose dealings in *assurance* are much greater than they are in common sense, he is to be pitied.—Well has it been said, "Protect me from *my friends*, I'll take care of my enemies myself!"—I do pity him, but the bed is of his own making, and if he find it strewed with more thorns than roses, it is no fault of mine. It was the opinion of the Attorney-General, and my Lord Ellenborough, that I had "*done a public service*."—As my motive was merely to laugh down a trade of book-making, disgraceful to literature, I think I deserved this reward, especially after being brought into Court:—No indifferent thing, let me tell your Lordship; for I know not what Sir John may consider it—but it always strikes me, (and it did on this occasion very forcibly!) that when two *authors* go to law, they might much better, for the sake of their wisdom, and as well for their safety, toss up which goes to the *Bench*. I remain,

With great respect, and infinite obligations
for your late testimony,
Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
THE AUTHOR OF "MY POCKET-BOOK."

To the Right Hon. the Earl of
Mountnorris, &c. &c.

On the 6th of August, the subsequent Letter appeared in COBBETT'S POLITICAL REGISTER.

Letter from Sir Richard Phillips to Mr. Cobbett, relative to the cause, Carr versus Hood.

SIR,—The licentiousness of *the Tongue* at the Bar, is so justly appreciated by the sensible part of the public, that it ought not to excite any other emotion than contempt in him who at *any time is* the object of it. If in consequence of a *signal* in-

stance of that licentiousness during a late Trial, I am induced to take up my pen, I am actuated *solely* by a respect for your numerous intelligent readers, to whom you have favoured me with the *honour* of an introduction.

You must be too well acquainted with the artifices practised by anonymous writers, to be surprised at learning that the report of the late Trial between *Carr* and *Hood*, copied from a Newspaper into your last Register, was written by the very person whose pamphlet had been the object of that Trial! Hence you may readily account for the inconsistencies of which the plaintiff and his witnesses are by this reporter made guilty!

The words of every *idle* question of the Attorney General, are in this report gravely ascribed to me as the words of my answers, and I am thus absurdly made to condemn *all* anonymous publications; * vaunt my *own virtues;* praise the *purity of my own books;* and say other *childish* things which I *neither said* nor thought, and which in justice I beg leave to refer back to their *real* author! Indeed, the learning of the Bar on this occasion, shone *resplendently*, and we had perpetual references made to high-sounding works which never existed, such as *Milton's answer to Sir Robert Filmer, Aristotle's answer to the works of Socrates, and Sir Isaac Newton's Controversy with Descartes* †!

Besides making the preceding general explanations, I have to remark on one point of your own observations. You have obviously confounded two very different works when you characterize as *false* and *scandalous* a publication of mine (many years out of print) entitled "*Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic.*" This book was published in 1797, and consisted of a *grave*, chronological account of the persons concerned in the then recent events in France. Its alledged faults, were that of *praising many persons*, who, it *since appears, were unworthy of praise*, and of omitting to abuse others who were then obnoxious

* The absurdity of this statement is apparent; every bookseller is constantly in the practice of publishing unexceptionable anonymous works; but there is a wide difference between *anonymous* invective, or abuse directed against an author or his writings which CALLS FOR RESPONSIBILITY, and an *anonymous* statement of scientific or historical facts, or an *anonymous* discussion of abstract principles. *Phillips.*

† This cannot be termed "a trip in evidence," because it is not stated on *oath:* Sir R. Phillips is here only upon *his honour;* it is one of *his* FACTS, *grave facts*, (page 35). *Lord Ellenborough* and the *Attorney General* are perfectly correct in their titles of the works alluded to, (see page 8, 9, 10); but although Sir Richard *abhors scurrility*, yet he has not *sworn* to *abhor wilful* or *malicious mistatements.* H.

in this country. You, with others, have obviously confounded this work with one of very different character on the same subject, published within these two or three years by other booksellers, written by Stewarton, a French emigrant, and called the *Revolutionary Plutarch.* This work was unquestionably a disgrace to the press and the character of the country, and it deserves the epithets with which you have *inadvertently* branded mine.

I am not disposed to enter the lists with you as a controversialist, but with respect to *the liberty of the press,* I am persuaded we shall not ultimately disagree. I am a *friend to criticism,* and to the unrestrained publication of it, *but I do not annex the same degree of authority to the writings of every man who sets up for a Critic.* He who *avows* his criticisms, and who is consequently known to be, in other respects, a man of integrity and learning, obtains with me a very different degree of credit from an *anonymous* trader in criticism who writes in a periodical Review, at a given price by the sheet! Still, I do not object to the free publication even of such criticisms, *manufactured* as they generally are under the direction of some *interested* publisher; but I must be allowed not to surrender *my judgment* of literary productions to critics, who come before me in so questionable a shape. He would truly be "the greatest fool that ever trod the earth," who should submit his opinions to such influence *. Availing themselves of their concealment, it is well known to *those* who have been *behind the scenes* during the *getting up* of an *anonymous review,* that books are commonly reviewed by *authors themselves* —by the rival authors in the same branch of literature—by the personal enemy of an author—or by the most corrupt and ignorant scribblers †.

* These words and the alternative, that I had "slipped in my testimony," were *extravagantly* applied to me by the Attorney-General, for declaring that I did not read, and did not respect the opinions of an anonymous Reviewer, and consequently was not influenced in my negociation with an author, by the character of his works given in the reviews. I have no doubt that publishers, *in general,* entertain an *equal* contempt of anonymous opinions of books, and I conceive there exists little difference of opinion on the subject, among the *intelligent* part of the public. *Every man of letters,* and every person acquainted with the details of literature, will *thank me* for thus exposing *a craft,* the practices of which are *as disgraceful* and as *pernicious* as those of advertising money-lenders. The *craft* may furiously assail me in return, but the cause I advocate, is THE CAUSE OF TRUTH, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE! *Phillips.*

† This is not a personal question, and therefore it is of no consequence to its merits that I was myself concerned for about fourteen months, as a proprietor of the Oxford Review. Nothing however is conceded by the admission, because the Oxford Review was EXPRESSLY and AVOW-

Attaching, therefore, *no credit* to such writings, is it to be wondered, that I do not waste my time in reading Reviews?

And convinced as I am, that the abuse of the critical art, arising out of the *concealment* of the critics, has *discouraged* and *blighted* the genius of the country, *baffled* the *cause of truth* and *obstructed the progress of science, is it to be wondered* that when questioned on this subject, *I entered my protest* against so *mischievous* an *usurpation*, in matters of taste and literature?

In justice to the respectable character and honourable views of Sir John Carr, I feel it incumbent on me to explain, that he did not found his late action on the pretended criticisms in the pamphlet of which he complained, but *solely* and *exclusively* on the *caricatures* which had been introduced into it*, and which it must be universally allowed are *novel* and *not very legitimate auxiliaries* of *genuine criticism*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

R. PHILLIPS.

Bridge-street, Aug. 4, 1808.

In the succeeding number of the *Political Register*, the Author of My Pocket Book replied in these terms:

Letter from the Author of "MY POCKET BOOK."

SIR;—The "licentiousness" of the pen of SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, in your last Register, ought not perhaps "to excite any "other emotion than contempt;" but as "the greatest fool that "ever trod the earth" (to borrow a description from the Attorney

EDLY in terms set up as an EXPERIMENT, to try whether a review on totally *opposite* principles to those then in existence would succeed; and it failed, owing to its *want* of that severity of personal attack which it appears is a *principal* recommendation of anonymous criticism. *Phillips.*

* Did Sir Richard Phillips refuse to purchase the Tour in Scotland *in consequence of these Caricatures?* Did he *not* reject Sir John's work *one month before these* Caricatures *were in existence!!!*

Did he not compel Longman and Co. to cancel a leaf in the Edinburgh Review, for an attack on his immaculate character? Did he not advertise Turnbull's Voyage, with a long extract from the Edinburgh Review —No, no; he *never reads reviews*. He *never* gets authors to review their own books. He has *no interest* in Collins's Account of Books, which contains panegyrics on all his own works. And he has *no concern* in his "Own Life," published by Mr. Hughes of Tottenham-court-road—which contains many letters, that *no one else* could *furnish*. H.

General, confirmed by my Lord Ellenborough,) may, in the very prevailing party of which he is the towering head, find some congenial souls, "*Asinus asino, et sus sui pulcher,*" to admire his wisdom, and to believe his assertions, I am compelled to ask you for a corner, in which I may stand to make my defence. You have ably vindicated the right of freemen to speak the *truth*, and you will of course, be the last man to deny any one that honourable privilege—*honourable* I call it, notwithstanding the meed which legal wisdom has prepared for those who exercise it in our enlightened day!—I was present when SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, in his court dress, stood uninvited on the Bench, and bore witness against his neighbour, *i. e.* brother bookseller, and I appeal to every one present whether they ever saw malignity so overshoot itself; but it had its reward—No one in the pillory (for speaking the *truth* or *any other crime*) would I think, since the custom of *lending an ear to justice* has fallen into disuse, have changed elevations with him. The severe remarks of the Chief Justice, and the poignant animadversions of the Attorney General, are well remembered by SIR RICHARD; but the cause, which warranted them, has, it seems, wholly escaped him.—*He* uttered no "*childish things,*" to use his gentle terms! With this *fact*, I beg to couple his assertion, that he never read any anonymous criticisms, or cared any thing about them; and to add, that before me, at this moment, I have letters written by SIR RICHARD to a proprietor of a work, in which there is an anonymous review of books, and these letters complain piteously of the censure, which is there passed on some of his publications, and request a *friendly* conference with this gentleman on the subject. This being the case in one instance, perhaps we may say, "*ex uno disce*"—Latin again! I beg pardon, Mr. Cobbett—but one slice is enough—we need not eat the whole of a goose to know that it is not sweet!—The principal object of my letter yet remains to be stated: "You "must be too well acquainted with the artifices practised by ano- "nymous writers, to be surprised at learning, that the report of "the late trial between CARR and HOOD, copied from a news- "paper into your last Register, *was written by the very person* "*whose pamphlet had been the object of that trial. Hence* you "may readily account for the inconsistencies of which the Plain- "tiff and his *witnesses* are by *this* reporter made guilty!"—These are the words of SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS in your Register. Now, on the honour of a gentleman, and as I value my last hopes, I never reported, or influenced the report of the trial in any newspaper, or in any shape whatever; and as I have at no time been suspected by an Attorney General (not much given to jesting) to

have "slipped in my testimony," I trust that I shall, at least on this occasion, have the preference due to my solemn asseveration

I am, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR OF "MY POCKET BOOK."

August 8, 1808.

P. S. As to "the *respectable* character of SIR JOHN CARR," domestically speaking, I am as ready to believe it to be such, as SIR RICHARD is to tell me so; but I need not inform Mr. Cobbett, that "*quand on parle* d'ouvrages d'esprit *il ne s'agit point* d'honnêtes hommes, mais de *gens de bon sens*."—A calf may be a very worthy calf—aye, and make a very good *knight*, but I have reason to believe that he would make a very sorry *writer of travels*, *bookseller*, or *sheriff*.

THE END.

W. Wilson, Printer, St. John's Square.

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